

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

Among the remarkable events of the past fifty years, is the desertion of their country by the Irish peasantry, and their emigration to the United States. There are few nations, in which there is not a steady increase of population: but Ireland shows the strange phenomenon of a decrease in number of nearly two millions in ten years. Strong in their personal attachments as a people, ardent in their love of country, the Irish abandon their homes by thousands, every year, cross the ocean, and take up their abode for life in a new country. And this is as true of the women as of the men—without respect to age, or social ties. Even young girls, almost children in age, determine on emigration, and with barely sufficient means to bear them over the sea, resolutely carry out their purpose.

One trait in Irish emigrants all must commend and admire. As a rule, those who come out from the home circle as pioneers, never forget those they have left behind them. The

brother works and saves, until he can send back money enough to pay his sister's passage to the land of promise; the sister hoards her scant savings for a like fraternal purpose; and the son and daughter never rest until mother and father are with them in their new home. Such traits in this people are beautiful, and cause us to look past many of their serious defects of training and character.

Large as is the Irish emigration to this country, the class that finds its way to our shores, is, of all others that reach us from abroad, the least skilled in the arts of social life. The men, with few exceptions, are competent to do little beyond plying the pick and spade, shouldering the hod, or engaging in those laborious callings that need the exercise of little thought, intelligence, or skill—while the women enter our houses as servants; and if the truth must be spoken, generally make but sorry domestics at the best, as all housekeepers can testify. The want of education and thrift at home, is the secret of this defect in Irish emigrants. They are in no way deficient in quickness of thought or perception, and but for the wretched state of things in their own country would take a far higher rank in the social scale.

ITALIAN WOLF DOGS.

See engraving.

The shepherds of the Abruzzi, two mountainous provinces in the kingdom of Naples, have a species of dog, somewhat resembling the Newfoundland dog, but larger, very strongly made, snowy white in color, and bold and faithful. The shepherds use them for defending their flocks against attacks from wolves. A visiter to the unfrequented mountain region, occupied by the shepherds, says—"You cannot approach these pastoral hamlets, either by night or day, without being beset by these vigilant guardians, that look sufficiently formidable when they charge the intruder (as often happens), in troops of a dozen or fifteen. They have frequent encounters with the wolves, evident signs of which some of the old campaigners show in their persons, being now and then found sadly torn and maimed. The shepherds say that two of them of the right sort are a match for an ordinary wolf." In the cut we give the portraits of three of these animals that were, some years ago, in the London Zoological Gardens.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY STERLING.

Earth, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Man a power within her bosom
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is Duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn, and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives,
These are Nature's ancient pleasures,
These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,—
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
As we glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud, nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are We
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us *gently*, gently, Time.

CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Shaw and Mr. Graveman were members of a certain denomination, which can boast of as many worthy and truly pious members as any other sect of Christians, and of quite as many "black sheep." They were both engaged in the wholesale grocery and flour business. One of them, Mr. Graveman, held an official station in the church. He was what is called a class-leader, and feeling the importance of his station, assumed what to him seemed a necessary sanctimonious exterior. He was scrupulously plain in his own dress, and strictly required his family to abstain from all the vanities of this wicked world.

As a member of the church, among members of the church, Mr. Graveman stood high. As a business man, among business men, he was known as one of the closest of bargain-makers—too close to be always an observer of the golden rule. Proverbial on the one side for exemplary piety, he was proverbial on the other side for a selfish love of gain. He did not take his religion into the world, for he could not see that it had any business there. Religion was for the Sabbath, and had relation only to acts of worship. The faith must be sound, the external observance rigid; these attended to, and the man was a perfect Christian. He could do no wrong.

Mr. Shaw, on the other hand, while he was in a degree blinded to the want of true charity as exhibited in Graveman's ordinary business intercourse with society, by the glare of his piety, was himself a very different man. Conscious of the hereditary evils of his nature, too many of which actual life had confirmed almost into habit, and sincerely desirous to rise above them, he was really what the other pretended to be—humble minded. And yet there was no external parade of humility. He rarely took an active part in the affairs of his church, though anxious for her prosperity, and ever ready to devote to her his worldly goods or his time when called upon to do so.

In his family, he acted the part of a wise husband and father. While Mr. Graveman assumed an austerity of manner, and nipped with the frost of rebuke every little blossom that began to open its leaves on the tender plants that were springing up around him, Mr.

Shaw warmed them into life and beauty by his sunny smile. To one there was sin in a bright ribbon, a beautiful dress, a bow or a flower; the other saw in all external loveliness, whether in forms or colors, the good things of God, and he used them, and permitted his family to use them, with grateful acknowledgments to the Giver of all natural as well as spiritual blessings. He discriminated between the use and the abuse; and while the use was made primary, the tendency to abuse was carefully restrained.

"Brother Shaw," said Mr. Graveman, one day, with an abrupt manner and a captious voice, "you will ruin your girls."

"I hope not. What is the matter?"

"You dress them too gayly."

"I let my wife attend to all that. She knows better than I do what is suited to them."

"Your wife! Would you let your wife throw them into the dock if she thought it suited them? I am a plain-spoken man, Mr. Shaw, as you know, and my position in the church requires me to speak plainly; and I warn you now, as in duty bound to warn an erring brother, that if you do not look better to your children, they will grow up and become carnal-minded instead of lovers of the truth. They will go out into the world and be lost; the enemy of mankind will claim them as his own."

"You are very serious, Mr. Graveman; but for my life I can see no danger."

"No danger? Bless me! is there no danger in dressing up a child in flowers and ribbons and all sorts of gew-gaws to turn her head and make a fool of her?"

"A thing which I do not do."

"Although you permit your wife to do it."

"No—nor does my wife do it. My children are not dressed up in flowers and ribbons and all sorts of gew-gaws."

"Why, Mr. Shaw, I met two of your little girls, a minute ago, tricked out like butterflies."

"How were they dressed?"

"With gay frocks and gay shoes, and ribbons and flowers all over."

"Think again. What color was their frocks?"

"What color? They were—they were—yes, they were white."

"Nature's own sweet emblem of innocence—the color of the virgin lily. May their minds be ever as pure. I see no harm in a white frock for a child, but good. I always like to see children dressed in white."

"It's more than I do, Mr. Shaw. Not one of my girls ever had or ever shall have on a flashy white frock to make her proud. But this wasn't all. They were bedizened, as I said before, all over with ribbons and flowers."

"How many ribbons did you see? Think again, Mr. Graveman."

"There were gay red ribbons tied round their waists, with ends streaming off some yard or two behind."

"You did not see correctly. Each of the little things had a pale blossom-colored ribbon around her waist, the ends not over a quarter of a yard in length. In each of their little hats was a cluster of three budding roses and a few green leaves. Do you see anything evil in flowers?"

"I do, when in children's hats."

"God made the flowers beautiful, and gave them to us. I thank Him for the gift. Oh! if my dear babes were as pure and lovely as the flowers, how my heart would rejoice. I keep flower-vases in my house and growing flowers in my garden; and that my children may love them more and more, I let them use flowers as ornaments."

"The evil one is blinding your mind, brother Shaw; he is leading you away from truth by his devices. You must not conform to the world. Only worldly-minded people dress up their children with ribbons and flowers."

"And they eat and drink, also. Because worldly people eat fruits and pleasant food, shall we use only what is coarse and unpalatable? I do not think so. Every creature of God is good, and I will use all His gifts in a thankful spirit, and then I will be in no danger of abusing them."

Mr. Graveman expostulated still further, but without effect.

"I am seriously concerned about brother Shaw," he said to another church member. "I am afraid he still longs for the flesh-pots of Egypt—that a worldly spirit is taking possession of him. Have you noticed how gayly all his family dress?"

"Not particularly."

"They don't look like church people at all."

"Mr. Shaw is an excellent man. In all the business I have had with him I have found him strictly honorable. He is one of the few who are willing to live and let live. As to the way in which he dresses his family, that is altogether a matter of taste."

"Oh! no, not at all; it is a matter of sin. It is wicked for any one to put ribbons and flowers on children. But I shall do my duty as far as I am concerned. His daughter Ellen is a member of my class. The very next time she comes I shall speak my mind to her plainly about the way she dresses. It is scandalous! Is it any wonder that religion is brought into disgrace when its professors indulge such pride and vanity?"

Ellen Shaw, to whom allusion has just been made, had, from her earliest childhood, exhibited a sweetness of temper too rarely seen. The current of her feelings and thoughts had always been religious. The consequence was that she became a member of the church and joined a class-meeting when only fourteen years of age. For two years, Mr. Graveman had been her class-leader. She saw him intimately only in the class-room, and his deep piety and professed love of all the holy things of the church caused her pure heart to invest him with every Christian grace and virtue, and to bear towards him, on this account, a deep spiritual regard. To her he seemed faultless.

Educated at home, in a school less rigid than that in which Graveman was a teacher, Ellen had not imbibed the holy horror of what was lovely in external forms that possessed her spiritual guide, and she, under the eye of her mother, used with taste and moderation those ornaments which expressed her love of the beautiful. Her hair was dressed plainly sometimes, and sometimes it was allowed to fall about her young face in graceful ringlets. Her bonnet was ornamented with a flower, if it pleased her taste; and she chose the style of her bonnet in accordance with the same rule. Taste was her guide in dress.

All this was noticed by her class-leader, and it stirred within his heart a feeling which, little as he dreamed, if closely analyzed, would have been seen to be—anger. He called it a pious indignation at sin. It was not so—it was of the old man, Adam. Often he had determined to speak to Ellen on the subject in class-

meeting, but thus far he had only remotely alluded to the sin of a conformity to the world, which his innocent pupil understood to mean a conformity to selfish maxims and evil purposes. She did not dream that he meant her ribbons, her curls, or the modest bunch of flowers in her bonnet.

The day after that on which the conversation given above took place between Mr. Graveman and Mr. Shaw, was the one on which the former held his class-meeting. The hour was four o'clock in the afternoon. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, business called Graveman to the wharves.

"How much flour have you?" asked a merchant, into whose store he went for the transaction of some business.

"Five hundred barrels," was replied.

"Then you are two hundred and fifty dollars richer than you were an hour ago."

"Indeed! How?" eagerly asked Graveman.

"Private advices have been received from New York, announcing a rise of fifty cents in the barrel," replied the merchant.

"First-rate, isn't it?" and Graveman rubbed his hands together in unaffected delight.

"It is pleasant news, certainly, to all who have flour on hand."

"Have you much in store?"

"A few hundred barrels."

"Capital! You are like me, a lucky dog. But, good morning—good morning; I must be going. I have a good deal of business to do on the wharf."

Graveman left the store abruptly. A sudden thought had struck him. Instead of transacting the business which he pretended required his attention, he walked hurriedly to the Exchange, jumped into an omnibus, and rode some six or eight squares. Then, getting out, he walked at a very leisurely pace for about half a square farther. This brought him to the store of Mr. Shaw, which he entered.

"Brother Shaw, how do you do this morning?" he said, with a sweet, Christian smile, as he took the hand of his fellow church-member.

"Quite well. How are you?"

"Very well, thank you. Have you been out this morning?"

"No. Is there any news stirring?"

"Nothing of consequence—business rather dull."

"Yes; there isn't much doing."

"How is flour going to be, brother Shaw? Do you think there will be a rise?"

"I am sure I cannot tell. I should rather think not. At any rate, I would be very willing to sell at eight and seven-eighths."

"How much have you in store?"

"Three or four hundred barrels."

Mr. Graveman cast his eyes to the floor thoughtfully, and mused for some moments.

"I have an idea that it will advance a trifle in the course of a few weeks."

"More likely to fall."

"I don't think so."

"Why?"

"Oh! it's a mere idea of mine. The market has been firm for some time. If you really wish to sell, I feel half inclined to buy. I have money lying idle."

"It is more than I have. If you want my flour you may have it and welcome at eight and seven-eighths."

"Couldn't you say eight eighty-five for all you have?"

"No; I am not anxious to sell. If you choose to take it at the prevailing rates, you can do so."

"Very well. What is the quantity in store?"

"I can ascertain in a moment;" and Mr. Shaw referred to his ledger. "Three hundred and eighty barrels."

"All right; make out the bill, and I will draw you a check."

The bill was made out, and a check for the amount filled up and handed to Mr. Saw. The two men shook hands in very brotherly manner, and Graveman departed full of selfish delight at the consciousness of having made an operation that would net him at least two hundred dollars. To him it was a fair business transaction—all right in trade. The moral of the act was a thing of which he had no conception. If he was wider awake than his neighbor, he could see no reason why he ought not to profit by his acuteness.

On the afternoon of the day on which Mr. Graveman had increased his gains by an operation of such questionable morality, he put on his most sanctimonious face and clothed his spirit in a robe of factitious piety, to meet and instruct in heavenly things some fifteen or twenty young persons, who were sincerely de-

sirous of knowing the truth, that they might bring its precepts into life. On his way to the class-room, he dismissed from his mind with an effort some thoughts that were not the most pleasant in the world—they referred to the business transaction of the morning—and began to think about the different members of his class, and what he should say to each. Among the first about whom he thought was Ellen Shaw.

"I shall speak my mind to sister Shaw very plainly," he said, as he walked along, with his eyes upon the pavement. "If she is lost, the sin shall not lie at my door. I will clear the skirts of my garments. Curls and flowers and ribbons! Beau-catchers and heart-breakers! All devices of Satan. Silly child! to sell her soul for head-gear and gay dresses. No wonder that she mourns over her want of faith, and is ever complaining that she makes little or no progress onward. I am sick, sick of this. Not a bright face do I meet; not a cheerful experience do I hear. It is lameness of soul, and doubt, and fear and complaint. But no wonder; the carnal mind is enmity against God, and they are all drawn away from faith by a love of the world. But I must do my duty; I must thunder the law and its terrors in their ears. I have a duty to perform, and it shall be done."

In this frame of mind Mr. Graveman went to meet his class. The room in which it was held was the back parlor of a member. When the leader came in he found about twelve females present. They were seated, each apart from the rest, with grave, almost solemn faces, and eyes cast upon the floor. Scarcely a head was raised as he came in. Graveman spoke to no one, but walked to a table at the side of the room with a slow, measured step, and seating himself, crossed his hands upon his face, and remained for nearly a minute in silent prayer. The stillness of death reigned around. With a deep sigh, that had four or five responses, the leader at length withdrew his hands, raised his head, and took up a hymn book, from which he selected a hymn and read it over aloud. Then repeating the two first lines of the first verse, he raised a tune in which all joined and sung them over. Two more lines were read, and the singing resumed, and thus the whole hymn was sung two lines at a time. After the two last lines were repeated all knelt down,

and the leader prayed a long, loud and fervent prayer. Then the leading commenced. The first sister was asked to relate her experience for the week, which was done, and the leader gave her such advice, encouragement, consolation or admonition as he deemed most useful. The next and the next were called upon, and suitable instruction imparted to each. Occasionally a verse of some appropriate hymn was sung. The whole scene was deeply impressive, and calculated to inspire the most solemn thought.

At length young sister Shaw was asked to tell what had been her exercises through the week. In a low, timid, but clear voice, Ellen made her statement. She complained of shortcomings, of the tendency of her heart to lead her away from spiritual things, of her want of faith, yet expressed an earnest desire to be conformed in all things by the renewing of her mind to the pure precepts of the Gospel. On taking her seat, a deep silence of some moments followed. Then her leader said, in a severe voice—

"Sister Ellen Shaw, you complain of coldness and want of faith. You have complained thus ever since you joined my class. And no wonder! Heretofore I have not spoken to you as freely as I should have done; but, by the help of God, I will now do my duty. You will never be anything but a drooping, wayside professor, until you come out and renounce the world and its lying vanities; until you make a whole sacrifice; until every foolish and vain desire be laid upon the altar. Do you think this will be admitted into the kingdom of Heaven?" (As he said this, he stooped down and took a long, beautiful ringlet of hair in his fingers, and held it up.) "No, child; all this must fall before you can pass through the narrow gate. These ribbons and flowers"—and he touched roughly her bonnet—"will not go with you beyond the grave. Death will pale the colors in this gay dress. Ah, sister Shaw, if you wish to be a Christian, you must give up all these; you must give up the world; you must let the curls and ribbons and flowers go. It is a vain effort, child; you cannot serve two masters."

This and much more was said in a cruel way. Poor Ellen burst into tears, and wept bitterly. In the innocence of her pure young heart, she feared that all this might be true,

and her distress was most poignant. On returning home, her mother saw that she was much disturbed, and asked the reason. Ellen related, with overflowing eyes, what her leader had said.

"Do not let it make you feel so bad, dear," Mrs. Shaw said, tenderly. "If you do not set your heart on your dress, there is no harm in it."

"But Mr. Graveman says it is conforming to the world, and he, you know, is such a good man."

"Yes, I know he is a pious man; but for all that he may be mistaken in some things. God looks at the heart, Ellen, and if that is right all that flows from it is right to Him. A mere sanctimonious exterior is nothing if the heart is not true in its love. If you curl your hair with an evil intention, or wear a ribbon or a flower to do harm, then it is sin; but if because you love what is bright and beautiful, the precious gifts of Heaven, you adorn your person modestly, be sure that there is in it no harm. I think a woman should adorn herself, not in gaudy, flaunting colors, to attract admiration, but tastefully, that she may throw around herself everything to make her lovely, and thus to increase her power of influencing all for good. A woman, Ellen, is born to be loved, and to love; let everything in her mind and person be lovely, and she will bring blessings to all."

But Ellen's spiritual instructor had taught a different lesson. How should she decide? She had great confidence in her mother, because she knew her well, and loved her only as a child can love a consistent, wise and good mother; but Mr. Graveman, whose piety and knowledge of the doctrines which led the way to Heaven, she had never heard questioned, had said that it was sin to adorn the person.

When Mr. Shaw came home that evening, he asked for Ellen.

"She has been in her room 'since she came home from class-meeting, this afternoon, in great distress of mind."

"How so?" Mr. Shaw's brows contracted.

"Mr. Graveman has been talking very harshly to her, I think."

"He has? What did he say?"

"He rebuked her before the whole class for curling her hair and wearing flowers in her bonnet; and the poor child is distressed to

death lest in doing so she is sinning against God."

"Oh, dear! I am afraid Graveman is an arrogant hypocrite."

"Why, Mr. Shaw! you must not say so; that is very uncharitable."

"I don't know. But ask Ellen to come down."

"She is so much disturbed in mind that I think you had better not see her now."

"I wish to put her mind at ease, and I think I can do it."

Ellen was called down. She met her father with a forced smile on a sad face.

"I have heard from your mother, Ellen, what has occurred," the father said, taking his child tenderly by the hand, and drawing her down into a chair by his side; "but do not let it disturb you—you have done no wrong. Have I not always taught you that God looks only at the heart? A sweet fountain cannot send forth bitter waters. If you do not have an evil end in view, your act cannot be evil in the sight of Heaven. Never forget this. Are flowers the offspring of that cause which doomed the ground to bring forth thorns and thistles? No, Ellen; they do not correspond to vile and wicked affections that curse, but to pure and good affection that bless the ground. Still use them. Ellen, and do not fear; they are good gifts. Only see that you do not love the flower for some base end. See that you do not use ornaments for a selfish purpose."

"But Mr. Graveman is such a good man, father, he ought to know."

A deep shadow passed over the face of Mr. Shaw. He was disturbed; but his feelings calmed, and he replied, in a low, steady, but earnest voice—"My child, I have, until now, thought as you do, and therefore was always glad that you felt like remaining a member of his class-meeting; but something has occurred to-day that has opened my eyes. I do not believe him to be an honest man."

"Oh, father, do not say so!" A shade of anguish rested on the countenance of the girl.

"I fear that it is, alas! too true. He took advantage of my ignorance to wrong me out of two hundred dollars."

"My father!"

"I have tried every way to satisfy myself that there was no evil intent on his part, but every inquiry has only tended to prove that he

took a deliberate advantage of me—in fact, cheated me! That is the right way to call it.”

What the reader already knows was then briefly related. Mr. Shaw had discovered, a short time after he sold his flour, the rise in price. At first he could not believe that Graveman knew at the time that the price had risen; but when laughed at for suffering himself to be overreached, through ignorance, he could no longer doubt.

“Do you call that honest dealing, Ellen?” Mr. Shaw asked, after telling all.

“No, father,” was firmly replied.

“Could he be in heart an honest man who would do so?—a lover of the brethren?”

“No, father.”

“Right, my child; he could not. And think farther. Is a man so thoroughly selfish in feeling likely to perceive clearly spiritual truths that are above and out of the sphere of self? You see, then, how little reliance you should place on the cant of Mr. Graveman, whose class-room you will not, I am sure, again enter. Ellen, you know your father and mother better; they tell you to keep your heart unspotted, to see that there is in it no conformity to the selfish maxims of the world; to use, with grateful thanks to the Giver of all blessings, the good things that are presented to your hand. But while you adorn your body, be sure that the green leaves and bright flowers and warm colors are around your heart. Be sure that your thoughts and affections are right, and then all things corresponding to these you may freely use.”

Ellen's mind discriminated clearly. She was deeply pained, but the truth was so clear that she could not see beyond it. She never again entered the class-meeting of Mr. Graveman, who took every opportunity to allude to it, and gave as the reason that he had done his duty, but that the truth was too plain for her vain, proud heart.

A TRUE SIMILE.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dull reflection—itsself a broader shade. We look forward into the coming night. The soul withdraws itself. The stars arise, and the night is holy.

RICH AND POOR.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Those who have never visited the lower ranks of society, can have but a faint realization of the ignorance that exists among us, often coupled with the lowest degradation. There are ignorance, and unhappiness, and vice, enough in high places, but they are gilded over, or assume specious forms; but among the poor, who have few motives of pride or interest to induce them to assume a fair seeming, they stand forth in bold relief.

It may be useful to witness these things, not only to stimulate our benevolent endeavors in behalf of the poor and degraded, but to produce a reaction favorable to our own happiness and improvement. A view of their privations may lead us to prize more highly our own privileges.

Here, we will say, in our own comfortable homes, are beauty and refinement in contrast with the unsightliness and discomfort of theirs.

Here is peace. Loving smiles greet us, and pleasant voices fall on our ears. There are wrangling and discord, and harsh tones and haggard faces, the offspring of want and wretchedness.

Here we have avenues of intercourse with kindred minds, one of the purest sources of enjoyment; while, with them, ignorance still multiplies ignorance.

We have refined pleasures and amusements to refresh and enliven us; while their existence is a dull, sluggish stream.

A view of their state may suggest, too, some profitable reflection. When we see them groping in ignorance, unconscious of their degradation, or the blessings they miss, as we look on the “looped and windowed raggedness” of their moral condition, wrapping ourselves about with our own superiority, will not the thought come, that in this there may be flaws or threadbare spots; that we, too, come short of the excellence we might reach, the happiness that might be ours?

It has been said that we cannot enjoy life thoroughly, unless we have once been miserable; and the next thing to having tasted misery ourselves, is to witness that of others. Much of our enjoyment is relative—or by contrast. The coarsest morsel of food, to one who has been obliged to fast for a season, will be

sweeter to the taste, and enjoyed with greater relish, than the most luxurious supper to a pampered appetite.

I once heard a person say that the most delicious draught that ever passed his lips was taken, when parched with thirst, from a slimy pool. The most sparkling champagne never equalled it. Rest after labor is sweet, but one overburdened with leisure knows not the luxury of repose.

"DIED YESTERDAY."

Every day is written this little sentence—"Died yesterday, so and so." Every day, a flower is plucked from some sunny home; a breach made in some happy circle; a jewel stolen from some treasury of love. Each day, from the summer fields of life, some harvester disappears—yea, every hour, some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging waters of eternity. Even as we write, the funeral of one who "died yesterday" winds like a winter shadow along the street.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps, it was a gentle babe, sinless as an angel, pure as the zephyr's hymn—one whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loitering in a bower of roses—whose little life was a perpetual litany, a May-time crowned with the passion flowers that never fade. Or, mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous—one whose path was hemmed by flowers with not a serpent lurking underneath—one whose soul panted after communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for the guerdon in the distance. But that heart of his is still now, for he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." A young girl, pure as the orange flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and from the dim aisles of the temple, she was borne to the "garden of the slumberers." A tall, browned man, girt with the halo of victory, and at the day's close, under his own vine and fig tree, fell to dust even as the anthem trembled upon his lips; and he, too, was laid "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." An angel patriarch, bowed with age and cares, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel host, sank into a dreamless slumber; and on his

door-post, next day, was written, "Died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Daily, men, women and children, are passing away; and hourly, in some graveyard, the soil is flung upon the dead. As often in the morn we find some flower that blushed sweetly in the sunset has withered up for ever, so, daily, when we rise from the bivouac to stand against our posts, we miss some brother soldier, whose cheery cry in the sieges and struggles of the past has been as fire from Heaven upon our hearts.

Each day some pearl drops from the jeweled thread of friendship—some lyre to which we have been wont to listen—has been hushed for ever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost, for life with him shall pass away gently as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph and a gain.

A DAINY DISH.

Mr. Curzon, during a visit to one of the monasteries, on Mount Athos, was treated to the following dainty dish, expressly prepared for him:—

At sunrise, I received a visit from the superior, who came to wish me good day. After some conversation on other matters, I inquired about the library, and asked permission to view its contents. The superior declared his willingness to show me all that the monastery contained.

"But, first," said he, "I wish to present you with something excellent for your breakfast; and, from the special good-will that I bear towards so distinguished a guest, I shall prepare it with my own hands, and will stay to see you eat, for it is really an admirable dish."

"Well," thought I, "a good breakfast is not a bad thing."

I therefore expressed my thanks for the kind hospitality of my lord abbot, and he, sitting down opposite to me on a divan, proceeded to prepare his dish.

"This," he said, producing a shallow basin, half filled with white paste, "is the principal and most savory part of this famous dish; it is composed of cloves of garlic pounded down, with a certain quantity of sugar. With it, I will now mix the oil in just proportions, some shreds of fine cheese (it seemed to be of the white acid kind, which resembles what is

called *caccia cavallo* in the south of Italy, and which almost takes the skin off your fingers, I believe), and sundry other nice little condiments; and now it is completed."

He stirred the savory mess round and round with a large wooden spoon, until it sent forth over room, and passage, and cell, over hill and valley, an aroma which is not to be described.

"Now," said the superior, crumbling some bread into it with his large and somewhat dirty hands, "this is a dish worthy of an emperor. Eat, my friend, my much-respected friend. Do not be shy. Eat; and when you have finished the bowl you shall go into the library and anywhere else you like; but you shall go nowhere till I have had the pleasure of seeing you do justice to this delicious food, which, I can assure you, will not be met with everywhere."

I was sorely troubled in spirit. Who could have expected so dreadful a martyrdom as this? Was an unfortunate fellow ever dosed with such a medicine before? I made every endeavor to escape the honor.

"My lord," I said, "it is a fast; I cannot, this morning, do justice to this delicious viand; it is a fast. I am under a vow; Englishmen must not eat that dish in this month. It would be wrong; my conscience won't permit, although the odor is certainly most wonderful! Truly an astonishing flavor! Let me see you eat it, oh! father!" I continued, "for behold I am unworthy of anything so good."

"Excellent and virtuous young man!" said the abbot; "no, I will not eat. I will not deprive you of this treat. Eat it in peace, for know, that to travellers, all such vows are set aside. On a journey, it is permitted to eat all that is set before you, unless it is meat that is offered to idols. I admire your scruples; but be not afraid; it is lawful. Take it, my honored friend, and eat it; eat it all, and then we will go into the library."

He put the bowl into one of my hands, and the great wooden spoon into the other, and in desperation I took a dose, the recollection of which still makes me tremble,

What was to be done? Another mouthful was an impossibility. I was overcome with despair. My servant saved me at last. He said "that English gentlemen never ate such rich dishes for breakfast, from religious feelings, he believed; but he requested that it

might be passed by, and he was sure I should like it very much later in the day."

The superior looked vexed, but he applauded my principles; and just then the bell sounded for church.

"I must be off, excellent and worthy English lord," said he. "I will take you to the library, and leave you the key. Excuse my attendance on you there, for my presence is required in the church."

So I got off better than I expected; but the taste of that ladleful stuck to me for days. I followed the good abbot to the library, where he left me to my own thoughts.

MOUNT JORULLO.

BY H. C. TALBOTT.

In the province of Michoacan, in Mexico, not far from the present site of the town of Ario, lay a beautiful plain, covered with plantations and well-cultivated fields of indigo and sugar cane. The industrious natives, making the most of the fine climate and fertile soil, coaxed from the bountiful bosom of mother earth highly remunerative returns for the toil bestowed upon their crops. Here was a picture of rural comfort and happiness not unusual among the aborigines of Central America, but certainly rarely to be found among those of higher latitudes. And herein the Indians present a history directly at variance with that of the whites. In the bracing rigors of a northern clime, the industry and enterprise of the latter bear the greatest results, and the midst of the temperate zones exhibit the best types of the race. But the Indians have appeared to better advantage when found inhabiting the tropical regions.

In June, 1759, the plain, to which attention has been called, was the scene of most extraordinary phenomena. Hollow murmurs, from the depths of the earth, came struggling faintly up for utterance. Dreadful tremors stole along the plain, and rocked the wood-crowned heights. Day by day, and night after night, increased violence was infused into these symptoms, until terrific convulsions shook hill and vale, and mighty roarings reverberated along the sky, like the horrible discord of infernal artillery. After sixty days of such struggles, a gradual tranquillity was restored, peace again slept upon the lovely landscape,

and hope flattered the distressed and terror-stricken people that all danger had passed. Vain hope! On the 28th of September following, the demon of the inner fires was aroused to greater fury. Horrible bellowings uprose upon the burdened air, and the earth rocked as if in death throes. The affrighted inhabitants fled in consternation to the adjacent mountains, and, awe-struck, gazed upon the scene of these wonders. Sudden fissures swallowed up the brooks and streams. Baleful fires danced along the ground, and sulphurous stench and steam and vapors escaped in low thunders and awful hissings from the crevices and holes of the swollen and disrupted earth. The midst of the plain seethed and boiled like melted pitch. Huge bladder-like hills were upheaved and burst with thunder-sounds, discharging great columns of steam and smoke. Hills uprose from hills; heights unsheathed heights; internal forces puffed up the immense dome-like mass, thrusting it bodily nearly seventeen hundred feet heavenward. A tract of country of four square miles thus upward thrown from its rock-ribbed resting place, and underpinned, as it were, till firmly sustained in its new position, required a mechanical force whose numerical value were not too contemptible for the consideration of an Archimedes, although the displacement of a world was a family thought to him. And the production of Mount Jurolo had just "this extent, no more." A mountain, whose base was four square miles, lifted its head higher than "Arthur's Seat," in England, positively sixteen hundred and seventy feet above its original level, and was flanked by numerous hills of like origin, and of no mean size.

Humboldt, in the beginning of the present century, visited the scene of these wonderful events, and heard from the lips of natives, who were twenty years older than Mount Jurolo, and witnessed its formation, the particulars of its upheaval. The volcanic action had then almost ceased, but the mountain yet remains, a striking monument of those awful forces in nature that sleep quiescent under the mild rule of physical law until called into activity by Him whose every-day implements they are.

Waterloo, III., 1854.

There is no distinguished genius altogether exempt from some infusion of madness.

POETRY OF FINLAND.

Who would have thought to have found so beautiful a gem as the following among the northern snows?

OJAN PAVO'S CHALLENGE.

Came from Tavastland tall Ojan Pavo,
Tall and vigorous 'mong the sons of Finland,
Stedfast as a mountain clothed with pinewood,
Bold and fleet and powerful as a tempest.
He could from the earth uproot the fir-tree;
Could the bear encounter single-handed;
Lift a horse above the loftiest fences,
And, as straw, compel strong men to bow down.
Now he stood, the stedfast Ojan Pavo,
Proud and vigorous at the nation's council.
In the court he stood among the people,
Like a lofty fir-tree amid brushwood,
And he raised his voice, and thus addressed them—

"If there be a man here born of woman
Who can, from the spot whereon I plant me,
Move me only for a single moment,
I to him will yield my farmise wealthy;
He shall win from me my silver treasure;
Of my numerous flocks he shall be master;
His I will become both soul and body."

To the people thus spoke Ojan Pavo.
But the country youth shrank back in terror;
To the proud man answered only silence;
None was found who would accept his challenge.
But with love and admiration gazed they,
All the maidens, on that youthful champion,
Standing there—the powerful Ojan Pavo—
Like a lofty fir-tree among brushwood,
His eyes flashing like the stars of heaven,
And his open forehead clear as daylight,
And his thick locks flowing to his shoulders,
Like a streamlet falling down in sunshine.

From the throng of women forth stepped Anna,
She the fairest of that country's maidens,
Lovely as the morning at its rising.
Forth she stepped in haste to Ojan Pavo,
Round his neck she flung her arms so tender,
Laid her throbbing heart against his bosom,
Pressed against his cheek her cheek so rosy;
Then she bade him break the bonds that held him.

But the youth stood moveless, and was vanquished.

Yielding thus, he spoke unto the maiden—

"Anna, Anna, I have lost my wager;
Thou must take from me my farm so wealthy
Thou hast won from me my silver treasure;
Thou of all my flocks art now possessor;
I am thine! thine am I soul and body!"

WHICH WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The saloon was full. Unfortunately, the little steamer, which ploughed daily across the blue waters of the lake, possessed but a single sofa, and some two dozen cane-bottomed chairs. The earlier passengers had possessed themselves of these, and the others were standing or walking up and down the small apartment, when an old woman came on board, leading her little grandchild by the hand.

How tired they both looked! They must have walked very fast, for at that moment the boat started.

"Baby's tired; baby's very tired," moaned, in broken tones, the child, as he lifted his blue, beseeching eyes to the pale, wrinkled face, round which the bands of silver hair shone so sadly bright.

The old woman looked all round, and sighed. There was not a single unoccupied seat in the saloon. None of the passengers offered theirs. There was nothing about the old woman, except her age and infirmities, which warranted such courtesy. She was very poor. You could discern that, at once, from her faded black dress, and the coarse but clean frock of the child.

There were but two occupants of the sofa, for, like the boat, it was very small. One of these, a plain, coarsely-dressed man, with a sun-browned face, had drawn his straw hat over his eyes, and had snugly located himself for an hour's nap, which the easy motion of the boat was quite sure to produce. Wholly unlike him was his neighbor, who, with his heavy moustache, and his white, jewelled hands clasped over his cane, was giving each of the passengers the benefit of a fashionable stare.

"Here, sir, let that alone."

For full fifteen minutes had the weary old woman and the moaning child stood within two feet of the fashionable gentleman. At last, the elaborate workmanship on the top of the cane had attracted the little one's attention, and, leaving his grandmother's side, he came forward and laid his hand timidly on the cane. But the sharp words of its owner sent a shiver over the child's frame and a tremor to his lip. He ran to his grandmother, and, burying his face in her gown, sobbed as though

the harsh words were well nigh breaking his heart. The cries of the child aroused the sleeper, who, after smartly rubbing his eyes, stared around him. A moment later, and a heavy hand was laid on the old woman's shoulder, and a rough voice said—

"Here's a seat for you, ma'am; and, if little bub, here, 'll go out 'long o' me, I'll give him a good restin' place on deck."

"Will you go with him, sonny?" said the old woman: and the child lifted his eyes and looked earnestly into the honest face.

A child's instincts are unerring. The little hands were stretched out, and a moment later the child lay in the strong arms of the man, and the grateful old woman sank into the seat he had vacated.

"Do not refuse, miss, to honor me by occupying it."

The hat was uplifted, with courtly grace, to the elegant girl who had just wandered into the saloon, and her beautiful lips repaid the courtesy with a bewitching smile, as she sank upon the sofa.

But we thought upon the tired old woman, and the little helpless child, and the rough but kind-hearted man; and we turned away our eyes from the graceful stranger, and murmured to ourselves—

"Which was the gentleman? Won't you answer us, reader?"

New Haven, Conn.

THINK OF ME.

Go where the water glideth gently ever—

Glideth by meadows that the greenest be—

Go listen to our own beloved river,

And think of me.

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth

Its fairy gem beside the giant tree;

List to the dim brook pining, while it playeth,

And think of me.

Watch when the sky is silver-pale at even,

And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,

Go out beneath the solitary heaven,

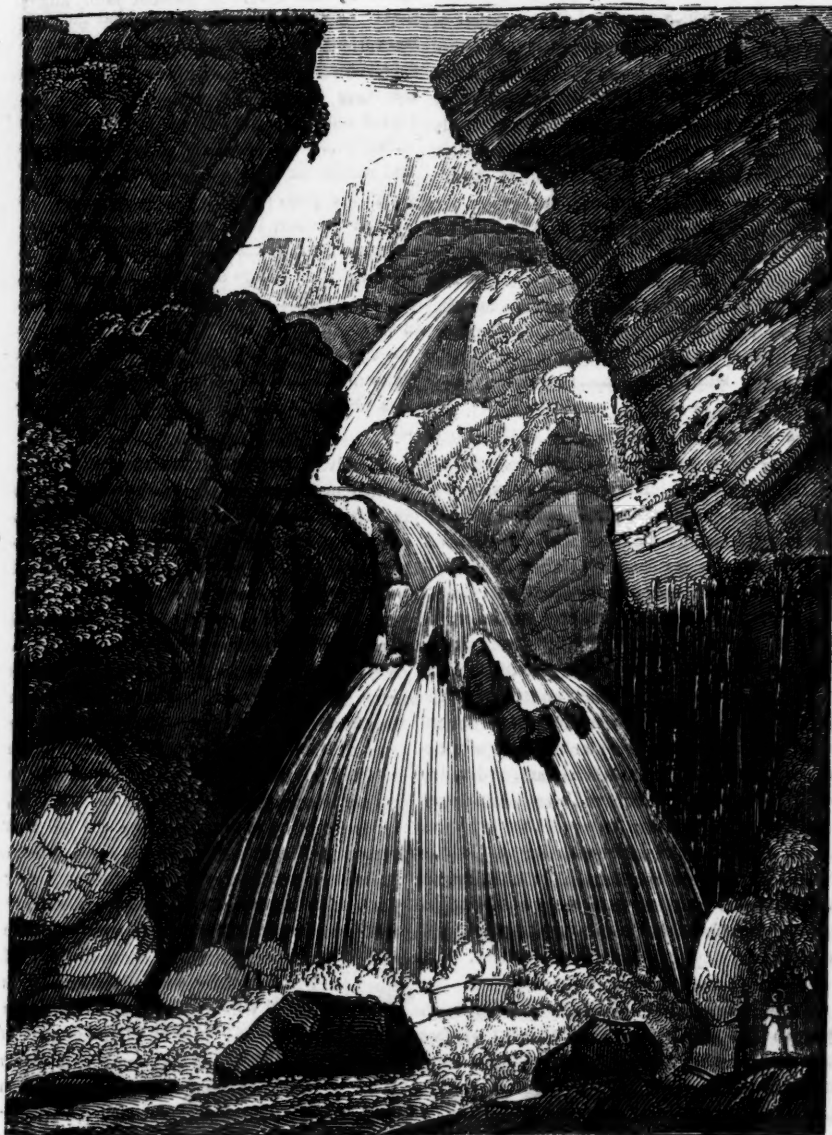
'And think of me.

And when the moon riseth, as she was dreaming,

And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea;

Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,

And think of me.—REYNOLDS.



GOREDALE—SOURCE OF THE RIVER AYR.

GOREDALE—SOURCE OF THE RIVER AYR.

The foregoing plate is a representation of one of the most extraordinary scenes of natural magnificence in England. Whitaker, in his *History of the Deanery of Craven*, informs us that Dr. Pococke, the late Bishop of Meath, the celebrated traveller, "who had seen all that was great and striking in the rocks of Arabia and India, declared that he had never seen anything comparable to this place." It lies in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The country for many miles around the spot is singularly wild. In the hollow formed by the meeting of two valleys, lies the village of Malham, (pronounced Maum,) forming part of the parish of Kirkby. The village is rural and sequestered, and except that there is but little wood, presents an aspect of cultivation and fertility, forming a contrast with the savage desolation in the midst of which it is placed. In the uplands, to the north of the village, lies a sheet of water of about a mile in circumference, called Malham Tarn; its banks a bleak waste, but celebrated for its excellent perch and trout. *Tarn* means a small lake, and, according to Wordsworth, is mostly applied to such as are high up in the mountains. At the further termination of the valley which stretches to the west of the village, is a noble natural monument, an immense unbroken barricade of limestone, stretching across the chasm, and rising into the air to the height of three hundred feet. The loftiness and long sweep of this prodigious rampart, make it impressive beyond all description. It is known by the name of Malham Cove. But the scene to which our present notice refers, lies about a mile east from this, at the extremity of the opposite valley. The proper source of the river Air, or Are, which flows in a line nearly parallel to the more celebrated stream of the Wharfe, from which it is divided by a mountainous range, till they both fall into the Humber, is Malham Tarn, already mentioned. The outlet, or one of the outlets of this lake, after flowing tranquilly for a short distance, encounters the stupendous rocky pile of the Goredale; and here its waters used to be detained, without power to make their way either through or over the barrier. It appears to be just about a century ago since the obstacle was first over-

come. In a very admirable plate of the cascade, engraved by J. Mason, from a drawing by T. Smith, and published in 1751, it is stated that "the water collected in a sudden thunder-shower, about eighteen years ago, burst a passage through the rock (where it first appears tumbling through a kind of an arch,) and rushed with such violence that it filled the valley below with vast pieces of broken rocks and stones for a quarter of a mile below." Gray, the poet, who visited the spot on the 13th of October, 1769, gives, in a letter to Dr. Warton, the following description of it: "From thence," (the village of Malham,) says Gray, "I was to walk a mile over very rough ground, a torrent rattling along on the left hand; on the cliffs above hung a few goats; one of them danced and scratched an ear with its hind foot, in a place where I would not have stood stock-still

'For all beneath the moon.'

As I advanced the crags seemed to close in, but discovered a narrow entrance turning to the left between them; I followed my guide a few paces, and the hills opened again into no large space; and then all further way is barred by a stream, that, at the height of about fifty feet, gushes from a hole in the rock, and spreading in large sheets over its broken front, dashes from steep to steep, and then ripples away in a torrent down the valley; the rock on the left rises perpendicular, with stubbed yew-trees and shrubs staring from its side, to the height of at least three hundred feet; but these are not the thing; it is the rock on the right, under which you stand to see the fall that forms the principal horror of the place. From its very base it begins to slope forwards over you in one block or solid mass, without any crevice in its surface, and overshadows half the area below with its dreadful canopy. When I stood at (I believe) four yards distance from its foot, the drops, which perpetually distil from its brow, fell on my head; and in one part of its top, more exposed to the weather, there are loose stones that hang in air, and threaten visibly some idle spectator with instant destruction. It is safer to shelter yourself close to its bottom, and trust to the mercy of that enormous mass which nothing but an earthquake can stir. I stayed there, not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid; for the impression will last for life."

HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 208.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mrs. Sparsit's nerves being slow to recover their tone, the worthy woman made a stay of some weeks in duration at Mr. Bounderby's retreat, where, notwithstanding her anchorite turn of mind based upon her becoming consciousness of her altered station, she resigned herself, with noble fortitude, to lodging, as one may say, in clover, and feeding on the fat of the land. During the whole term of this recess from the guardianship of the Bank, Mrs. Sparsit was a pattern of consistency; continuing to take such pity on Mr. Bounderby to his face, as is rarely taken on man, and to call his portrait a Noodle to *its* face, with the greatest acrimony and contempt.

Mr. Bounderby, having got into his explosive composition that Mrs. Sparsit was a highly superior woman to perceive that he had that general cross upon him in his deserts (for he had not yet settled what it was), and further that Louisa would have objected to her as a frequent visitor if it had comported with his greatness that she should object to anything he chose to do, resolved not to lose sight of Mrs. Sparsit easily. So, when her nerves were strung up to the pitch of again consuming sweetbreads in solitude, he said to her at the dinner-table, on the day before her departure, "I tell you what, ma'am; you shall come down here of a Saturday while the fine weather lasts, and stay till Monday." To which Mrs. Sparsit returned, in effect, though not of the Mahomedan persuasion: "To hear is to obey."

Now, Mrs. Sparsit was not a poetical woman; but she took an idea, in the nature of an allegorical fancy, into her head. Much watching of Louisa, and much consequent observation of her impenetrable demeanor, which keenly whetted and sharpened Mrs. Sparsit's edge, must have given her as it were a lift, in the way of inspiration. She created in her mind a mighty Staircase, with a dark pit of shame and ruin at the bottom; and down these stairs, from day to day and hour to hour, she saw Louisa coming.

It became the business of Mrs. Sparsit's life, to look up at the staircase, and to watch Louisa coming down. Sometimes slowly,

sometimes quickly, sometimes several steps at one bout, sometimes stopping, never turning back. If she had once turned back, it might have been the death of Mrs. Sparsit in spleen and grief.

She had been descending steadily, to the day and on the day, when Mr. Bounderby issued the weekly invitation recorded above. Mrs. Sparsit was in good spirits, and inclined to be conversational.

"And pray, sir," said she, "if I may venture to ask a question appertaining to any subject on which you show reserve—which is indeed hardy in me, for I well know you have a reason for everything you do—have you received intelligence respecting the robbery?"

"Why, ma'am, no; not yet. Under the circumstances, I didn't expect it yet. Rome wasn't built in a day, ma'am."

"Very true, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, shaking her head.

"Nor yet in a week, ma'am."

"No, indeed, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with an air melancholy.

"In a similar manner," said Bounderby, "I can wait, you know. If Romulus and Remus could wait, Josiah Bounderby can wait. They were better off in their youth than I was, however. They had a she-wolf for a nurse; I had only a she-wolf for a grandmother. She didn't give any milk, ma'am; she gave bruises. She was a regular Alderney at that."

"Ah!" Mrs. Sparsit sighed and shuddered.

"No, ma'am," continued Bounderby, "I have not heard anything more about it. It's in hand, though; and young Tom, who rather sticks to business at present—something new for him; he hadn't the schooling I had—is helping. My injunction is Keep it quiet, and, let it seem to blow over. Do what you like under the rose, but don't give a sign of what you're about; or half a hundred of 'em will combine together and get this fellow who has bolted, out of reach for good. Keep it quiet, and the thieves will grow in confidence by little and little, and we shall have 'em."

"Very sagacious indeed, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit. "Very interesting. The old woman you mentioned, sir——"

"The old woman I mentioned, ma'am," said Bounderby, cutting the matter short, as it was nothing to boast about, "is not laid hold of; but, she may take her oath she will be, if that

is any satisfaction to her villainous old mind. In the meantime, ma'am, I am of opinion, if you ask me my opinion, that the less she is talked about, the better."

That same evening, Mrs. Sparsit, in her chamber window, resting from her packing operations, looked towards her great staircase and saw Louisa still descending.

She sat by Mr. Harthouse, in an alcove in the garden, talking very low. He stood leaning over her, as they whispered together, and his face almost touched her hair. "If not quite!" said Mrs. Sparsit, straining her hawk's eyes to the utmost. Mrs. Sparsit was too distant to hear a word of their discourse, or even to know that they were speaking softly, otherwise than from the expression of their figures; but what they said was this:

"You recollect the man, Mr. Harthouse?"

"Oh, perfectly!"

"His face, and his manner, and what he said?"

"Perfectly. And an infinitely dreary person he appeared to me to be. Lengthy and prosy in the extreme. It was very knowing to hold forth, in the humble-virtue school of eloquence; but, I assure you I thought at the time, 'My good fellow, you are over-doing this!'"

"It has been very difficult to me to think ill of that man."

"My dear Louisa—as Tom says." Which he never did say. "You know no good of the fellow?"

"No, certainly."

"Nor of any other such person?"

"How can I," she returned, with more of her first manner on her than he had lately seen, "when I know nothing of them, men or women?"

"My dear Mrs. Bounderby! Then consent to receive the submissive representation of your devoted friend, who knows something of several varieties of his excellent fellow-creatures—for excellent they are, I have no doubt, in spite of such little foibles as always helping themselves to what they can get hold of. This fellow talks. Well, every fellow talks. His professing morality only deserves a moment's consideration, as being a very suspicious circumstance. All sorts of humbugs profess morality, from the House of Commons to the

House of Correction, except our people; it really is that exception which makes our people quite reviving. You saw and heard the case. Here was a common man, pulled up extremely short by my esteemed friend Mr. Bounderby—who, as we know, is not possessed of that delicacy which would soften so tight a hand. The common man was injured, exasperated, left the house grumbling, met somebody who proposed to him to go in for some share in this Bank business, went in, put something in his pocket which had nothing in it before, and relieved his mind extremely. Really he would have been an uncommon, instead of a common man, if he had not availed himself of such an opportunity. Or he may have made it altogether, if he had the cleverness. Equally probable!"

"I almost feel as though it must be bad in me," returned Louisa, after sitting thoughtful awhile, to be so ready to agree with you, and to be so lightened in my heart by what you say."

"I only say what is reasonable; nothing worse. I have talked it over with my friend Tom more than once—of course I remain on terms of perfect confidence with Tom—and he is quite of my opinion, and I am quite of his. Will you walk?"

They strolled away, among the lanes beginning to be indistinct in the twilight—she leaning on his arm—and she little thought how she was going down, down, down, Mrs. Sparsit's staircase.

Night and day, Mrs. Sparsit kept it standing. When Louisa had arrived at the bottom and disappeared in the gulf, it might fall in upon her if it would; but, until then, there it was to be, a Building, before Mrs. Sparsit's eyes. And there Louisa always was, upon it. Always gliding down, down, down.

Mrs. Sparsit saw James Harthouse come and go; she heard of him here and there; she saw the changes of the face he had studied; she, too, remarked to a nicety how and when it clouded, how and when it cleared; she kept her black eyes wide open, with no touch of pity, with no touch of compunction, all absorbed in interest; but, in the interest of seeing her, ever drawing with no hand to stay her, nearer and nearer to the bottom of this new Giants' Staircase.

With all her deference for Mr. Bounderby,

as contradistinguished from his portrait, Mrs. Sparsit had not the smallest intention of interrupting the descent. Eager to see it accomplished, and yet patient, she waited for the last fall as for the ripeness and fulness of the harvest of her hopes. Hushed in expectancy she kept her wary gaze upon the stairs; and seldom so much as darkly shook her right mitten (with her fist in it), at the figure coming down.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The figure descended the great stairs steadily, steadily, always verging like a weight in deep water to the black gulf at the bottom.

Mr. Gradgrind, apprised of his wife's decease, made an expedition from London, and buried her in a business-like manner. He then returned with promptitude to the national cinder-heap, and resumed his sifting for the odds and ends he wanted, and his throwing of the dust about, into the eyes of other people who wanted other odds and ends—in fact, resumed his parliamentary duties.

In the meantime, Mrs. Sparsit kept unwinking watch and ward. Separated from her staircase all the week by the length of iron road dividing Coketown from the country-house, she yet maintained her cat-like observation of Louisa, through her husband, through her brother, through James Harthouse, through the outsides of letters and packets, through everything animate and inanimate that at any time went near the stairs. "Your foot on the last step, my lady," said Mrs. Sparsit, apostrophising the descending figure, with the aid of her threatening mitten, "and all your art shall not avail you."

Art or nature though, the original stock of Louisa's character, or the drift of circumstances, upon it, that curious reserve did baffle, while it stimulated one as sagacious as Mrs. Sparsit. There were times when Mr. James Harthouse was not sure of her. There were times when he could not read the face he had studied so long; and when this lonely girl was a greater mystery to him than any woman of the world, with a ring of satellites to help her.

So the time went on, until it happened that Mr. Bounderby was called away from home by business which required his presence elsewhere, perhaps for three or four days. It was

on a Friday that he intimated this to Mrs. Sparsit, at the Bank, adding—

"But you'll go down, to-morrow, ma'am, all the same. You'll go down just as if I was there. It will make no difference to you."

"Pray, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, reproachfully, "let me beg you not to say that. Your absence will make a vast difference to me, sir, as I think you very well know."

"Well, ma'am, then you must get on in my absence as well as you can," said Bounderby, not displeased.

"Mr. Bounderby," retorted Mrs. Sparsit, "your will is to me a law, sir; otherwise, it might be my inclination to dispute your kind commands, not feeling sure that it will be quite so agreeable to Miss Gradgrind to receive me, as it ever is to your own munificent hospitality. But you shall say no more, sir. I will go, upon your invitation."

"Why, when I invite you to my house, ma'am," said Bounderby, opening his eyes, "I should hope you want no other invitation."

"No, indeed, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I should hope not. Say no more, sir. I would, sir, I could see you gay again."

"What do you mean, ma'am?" blustered Bounderby.

"Sir," rejoined Mrs. Sparsit, "there was wont to be an elasticity in you which I sadly miss. Be buoyant, sir!"

Mr. Bounderby, under the influence of this difficult adjuration, backed up by her compassionate eye, could only scratch his head in a feeble and ridiculous manner, and afterwards assert himself at a distance, by being heard to bully the small fry of business all the morning.

"Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit, that afternoon, when her patron was gone on his journey, and the Bank was closing, "present my compliments to young Mr. Thomas, and ask him if he would step up and partake of a lamb chop and walnut ketchup, with a glass of India ale?"

Young Mr. Thomas being usually ready for anything in that way, returned a gracious answer, and followed on its heels himself.

"Mr. Thomas," said Mrs. Sparsit, "these plain viands being on table, I thought you might be tempted."

"Thankee, Mrs. Sparsit," said the whelp. And gloomily fell to.

"How is Mr. Harthouse, Mr. Tom?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"Oh! he is all right," said Tom.

"Where may he be at present?" Mrs. Sparsit asked, in a light, conversational manner, after mentally devoting the whelp to the Furies for being so uncommunicative.

"He is shooting in Yorkshire," said Tom.

"Sent Loo a basket half as big as a church, yesterday."

"The kind of gentleman, now," said Mrs. Sparsit, sweetly, "whom one might wager to be a good shot!"

"Crack," said Tom.

He had long been a down-looking young fellow, but this characteristic had so increased of late that he never raised his eyes to any face for three seconds together. Mrs. Sparsit consequently had ample means of watching his looks if she were so inclined.

"Mr. Harthouse is a great favorite of mine," said Mrs. Sparsit, "as, indeed, he is of most people. May we expect to see him again shortly, Mr. Tom?"

"Why, I expect to see him to-morrow," returned the whelp.

"Good news!" cried Mrs. Sparsit.

"I have got an appointment with him to meet him, in the evening, at the station here," said Tom, "and I am going to dine with him afterwards, I believe. He is not coming down to Nickits', for a week or so, being due somewhere else. At least, he says so; but I shouldn't wonder if he was to stop here over Sunday, and stray that way."

"Which reminds me!" said Mrs. Sparsit. "Would you remember a message to your sister, Mr. Tom, if I was to charge you with one?"

"Well! I'll try," returned the reluctant whelp, "if it isn't a long un."

"It is merely my respectful compliments," said Mrs. Sparsit, "and I fear I may not trouble her with my society, this week, being still a little nervous and better perhaps by my poor self."

"Oh! If that's all," observed Tom, "it wouldn't matter much, even if I was to forget it, for Loo's not likely to think of you unless she sees you."

Having paid for his entertainment with this agreeable compliment, he relapsed into a hang-dog silence until there was no more India ale

left, when he said, "Well, Mrs. Sparsit, I must be off!" and went off.

Next day, Saturday, Mrs. Sparsit sat at her window all day long, looking at the customers coming in and out, watching the postmen, keeping an eye on the general traffic of the street, revolving many things in her mind, but, above all, keeping her attention on her staircase. The evening came; she put on her bonnet and shawl, and went quietly out: having her reasons for hovering in a furtive way about the station by which a passenger would arrive from Yorkshire, and for preferring to peep into it round pillars and corners, and out of ladies' waiting-room windows, to appearing in its precincts openly.

Tom was in attendance, and loitered about until the expected train came in. It brought no Mr. Harthouse. Tom waited until the crowd had dispersed, and the bustle was over, and then referred to a posted list of trains, and took counsel with porters. That done, he strolled away idly, stopping in the street and looking up it and down it, and lifting his hat off and putting it on again, and yawning, and stretching himself, and exhibiting all the symptoms of mortal weariness to be expected in one who had still to wait until the next train should come in, an hour and forty minutes hence.

"This is a device to keep him out of the way," said Mrs. Sparsit, starting from the dull office window whence she had watched him last. "Harthouse is with his sister now!"

It was the conception of an inspired moment, and she shot off with the utmost swiftness to work it out. The station for the country house was at the opposite end of the town, the time was short, the road not easy, but she was so quick in pouncing on a disengaged coach, so quick in darting out of it, producing her money, seizing her ticket, and diving into the train, that she was borne along the arches spanning the land of coal-pits past and present, as if she had been caught up in a cloud, and whirled away.

All the journey; immovable in the air though never left behind; plain to the dark eyes of her mind as the electric wires which ruled a colossal strip of music-paper out of the evening sky, were plain to the dark eyes of her body; Mrs. Sparsit saw her staircase,

with the figure coming down. Very near the bottom now. Upon the brink of the abyss.

An overcast September evening just at nightfall saw beneath its drooping eyelid Mrs. Sparsit glide out of her carriage, pass down the wooden steps of the little station into a stony road, cross it into a green lane, and become hidden in a summer-growth of leaves and branches. One or two late birds sleepily chirping in their nests, and a bat heavily crossing and recrossing her, and the reek of her own tread in the thick dust that felt like velvet, were all that Mrs. Sparsit heard or saw until she very softly closed a gate.

She went up to the house, keeping within the shrubbery, and went round it, peeping between the leaves at the lower windows. Most of them were open, as they usually were in such warm weather, but there were no lights yet, and all was silent. She tried the garden with no better effect. She thought of the wood, and stole towards it, heedless of long grass and briars; of worms, snails, and slugs, and all the creeping things that be. With her dark eyes and her hook nose warily in advance of her, Mrs. Sparsit softly crushed her way through the thick undergrowth, so intent upon her object that she probably would have done no less, if the wood had been a wood of ad-ders.

Hark!

The smaller birds might have tumbled out of their nests, fascinated by the glittering of Mrs. Sparsit's eyes in the gloom, as she stopped and listened.

Low voices close at hand. His voice and hers. The appointment was a device to keep the brother away! There they were yonder, by the felled tree.

Bending low among the dewy grass, Mrs. Sparsit advanced closer to them. She drew herself up, and stood behind a tree, like Robinson Crusoe in his ambuscade against the savages—so near to them that at a spring, and that no great one, she could have touched them both. He was there secretly, and had not yet shown himself at the house. He had come on horseback, and must have passed through the neighboring fields, for his horse was tied to the meadow side of the fence, within a few paces.

"My dearest love," said he, "what could I do? Knowing you were alone, was it possible that I could stay away?"

"You may hang your head, to make yourself the more attractive. I don't know what they see in you when you hold it up," thought Mrs. Sparsit; "but you little think, my dearest love, whose eyes are on you!"

That she hung her head was certain. She urged him to go away, she commanded him to go away; but she neither turned her face to him nor raised it. Yet it was remarkable that she sat as still as ever the amiable woman in ambuscade had seen her sit at any period in her life. Her hands rested in one another, like the hands of a statue, and even her manner of speaking was not hurried.

"My dear child," said Harthouse; Mrs. Sparsit saw with delight that his arm embraced her; "will you not bear with my society for a little while?"

"Not here."

"Where, Louisa?"

"Not here."

"But we have so little time to make much of, and I have come so far, and am altogether so devoted, and distracted, and ill-used. There never was a slave at once so devoted and ill-used. To look for your sunny welcome that has warmed me into life, and to be received in your frozen manner, is heart-rending."

"Am I to say again, that I must be left to myself here?"

"But we must meet, my dear Louisa. Where shall we meet?"

They both started. The listener started, guiltily too, for she thought there was another listener among the trees. It was only rain, beginning to fall fast, in heavy drops.

"Shall I ride up to the house a few minutes hence (as you know I have often done before,) innocently supposing that its master is at home and will be charmed to receive me?"

"No."

"Your cruel commands are implicitly to be obeyed, though I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world, I believe, to have been insensible to all other women, and to have fallen prostrate at last under the foot of the most beautiful and the most engaging, and the most imperious. My dearest Louisa, I cannot go myself, or let you go, in this hard abuse of your power."

Mrs. Sparsit saw him detain her with his encircling arm, and heard him then and there, within her (Mrs. Sparsit's) greedy hearing, tell

her how he loved her, and how she was the stake for which he ardently desired to play away all that he had in life. The objects he had lately pursued turned worthless beside her: the success that was almost in his grasp, he flung away from him like the dirt it was, compared with her. Its pursuit, nevertheless, if it kept him near her, or its renunciation if it took from her, or flight if she shared it, or secrecy if she commanded it—or any fate, every fate, all was alike to him, so that she was true to him, the man who had seen how cast away she was, whom she had inspired at their first meeting with an admiration and interest, of which he had thought himself incapable, whom she had received in her confidence, who was devoted to her and adored her. All this, and more in his hurry, and in hers, in the whirl of her own gratified malice, in the dread of being discovered, in the rapidly increasing noise of heavy rain among the leaves, and a thunder-storm rolling up—Mrs. Sparsit received into her mind, set off with such an unavoidable halo of confusion and indistinctness that when at length he climbed the fence and led his horse away, she was not sure where they were to meet, or when, except that they had said it was to be that night.

But one of them yet remained in the darkness before her; and while she tracked that one she must be right.

"Oh, my dearest love," thought Mrs. Sparsit, "you little think how well attended you are."

Mrs. Sparsit saw her out of the wood, and saw her enter the house. What to do next? It rained now, in a sheet of water. Mrs. Sparsit's white stockings were of many colors, green predominating; prickly things were in her shoes; caterpillars slung themselves in hammocks of their own making, from various parts of her dress; rills ran from her bonnet and her Roman nose. In such condition Mrs. Sparsit stood hidden in the density of the shrubbery, considering what next?

Lo. Louisa coming out of the house! Hastily cloaked and muffled, and stealing away. She elopes! She falls from the lowermost stair, and is swallowed up in the gulf!

Indifferent to the rain, and moving with a quick determined step, she struck into a side-path parallel with the ride. Mrs. Sparsit followed in the shadow of the trees at but a short

distance; for it was not easy to keep a figure in view going quickly through the umbrageous darkness.

When she stopped to close the side-gate without noise, Mrs. Sparsit stopped. When she went on, Mrs. Sparsit went on. She went by the way Mrs. Sparsit had come, emerged from the green lane, crossed the stony road, and ascended the wooden steps to the railroad. A train for Coketown would come through presently, Mrs. Sparsit knew; so she understood Coketown to be her first place of destination.

In Mrs. Sparsit's limp and streaming state, no extensive precautions were necessary to change her usual appearance; but she stopped under the lee of the station wall, tumbled her shawl into a new shape, and put it on over her bonnet. So disguised, she had no fear of being recognized when she followed up the railroad steps, and paid her money in the small office.

Louisa sat waiting in a corner. Mrs. Sparsit sat waiting in another corner. Both listened to the thunder, which was loud, and to the rain, as it washed off the roof, and pattered on the parapets of the arches. Two or three lamps were rained and blown out; so both saw the lightning to advantage as it quivered and zig-zaged on the iron tracks.

The seizure of the station with a fit of trembling, gradually declining to a complaint of the heart, announced the train. Fire and steam, and smoke, and red light; a hiss, a crash, a bell, and a shriek; Louisa put into one carriage, Mrs. Sparsit put into another; and the little station a desert speck in the thunder-storm.

Though her teeth chattered in her head from wet and cold, Mrs. Sparsit exulted hugely. The figure had plunged down the precipice, and she felt herself, as it were, attending on the body. Could she, who had been so active in the getting up of the funeral triumph, do less than exult?

"She will be at Coketown long before him," thought Mrs. Sparsit, "though his horse is never so good. Where will she wait for him? And where will they go together? Patience. We shall see."

The tremendous rain occasioned infinite confusion when the train stopped at its destination. Gutters and pipes had burst, drains had

overflowed, and streets were under water. In the first instant of alighting, Mrs. Sparsit turned her distracted eyes towards the waiting coaches, which were in great request.

"She will get into 'one," she considered, "and will be away before I can follow. At all risks of being run over, I must see the number and hear the order given to the coachman."

But Mrs. Sparsit was wrong in her calculation. Louisa got into no coach, and was already gone. The black eyes kept upon the railroad carriage in which she had travelled settled upon it a moment too late. The door not being opened after several minutes, Mrs. Sparsit passed it and repassed it, saw nothing, looked in, and found it empty. Wet through and through; with her feet squelching and squashing in her shoes whenever she moved; with a rash of rain upon her classical visage; with a bonnet like an over-ripe fig; with all her damp clothes spoiled; with impressions of every button, string, and hook-and-eye she wore, printed off upon her highly-connected back; with a stagnant verdure on her general exterior, such as accumulates on an old park fence in a mouldy lane; Mrs. Sparsit had no resource but to burst into tears of bitterness and say, "I have lost h r!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The national dustmen, after entertaining one another with a great many noisy little fights among themselves, had dispersed for the present, and Mr. Gradgrind was at home for the vacation.

He sat writing in the room with the deadly-statistical clock, proving something no doubt—perhaps in the main, that the Good Samaritan was a bad Economist. The noise of the rain did not disturb him much, but it attracted his attention sufficiently to make him raise his head sometimes, as if he were rather remonstrating with the elements. When it thundered very loudly, he glanced towards Coketown, having in his mind that some of the tall chimneys might be struck by lightning.

The thunder was rolling into distance, and the rain was pouring down like a deluge, when the door of his room opened. He looked round the lamp upon his table, and saw with amazement his eldest daughter.

"Louisa!"

"Father, I want to speak to you."

"What is the matter? How strange you look! And good Heaven," said Mr. Gradgrind! wondering more and more, "have you come here exposed to this storm?"

She put her hands to her dress as if she hardly knew.

"Yes."

Then she uncovered her head, and letting her cloak and hood fall where they might, stood looking at him; so colorless, so dishevelled, so defiant and despairing that he was afraid of her.

"What is it? I conjure you, Louisa, tell me what is the matter."

She dropped into a chair before him, and put her cold hand on his arm.

"Father, you have trained me from my cradle."

"Yes, Louisa."

"I curse the hour in which I was born to such a destiny."

He looked at her in doubt and dread, vacantly repeating, "Curse the hour? Curse the hour?"

"How could you give me life, and take from me all the inappreciable things that raise it from the state of conscious death? Where are the graces of my soul? Where are the sentiments of my heart? What have you done, oh, father, what have you done with the garden that should have bloomed once in this great wilderness here!"

She struck herself with both her hands upon her bosom.

"If it had ever been here, its ashes alone would save me from the void in which my whole life sinks. I did not mean to say this, but, father, you remember the last time we conversed in this room?"

He had been so wholly unprepared for what he heard now, that it was with some difficulty he answered, "Yes, Louisa."

"What has risen to my lips now would have risen to my lips then, if you had given me a moment's help. I don't reproach you, father. What you have never nurtured in me you have never nurtured in yourself; but oh! if you had but done so long ago, or had but neglected me, what a much better and much happier creature I should have been this day!"

On hearing this after all his care, he bowed his head upon his hand and groaned aloud.

"Father, if you had known, when we were

last together here, what even I feared while I strove against it—as it has been my task from infancy to strive against every natural prompting that has arisen in my heart; if you had known that there lingered in my breast, sensibilities, affections, weaknesses, capable of being cherished into strength, defying all the calculations ever made by man, and no more known to his arithmetic than his Creator is,—would you have given me to the husband whom that I am now sure that I hate?"

He said, "No. No, my poor child."

"Would you have doomed me, at any time, to the frost and blight that have hardened and spoiled me? Would you have robbed me—for no one's enrichment—only for the greater desolation of this world—of the immaterial part of my life, the spring and summer of my belief, my refuge from what is sordid and bad in the real things around me, my school in which I should have learned to be more humble and more trusting with them, and to hope in my little sphere to make them better?"

"Oh no, no. No, Louisa."

"Yet, father, if I had been stone blind; if I had groped my way by my sense of touch, and had been free, while I knew the shapes and surfaces of things to exercise my fancy somewhat, in regard to them; I should have been a million times wiser, happier, more loving, more contented, more innocent and human in all good respects, than I am with the eyes I have. Now, hear what I have come to say."

He moved, to support her with his arm. She rising as he did so, they stood close together; she with a hand upon his shoulder, looking fixedly in his face.

"With a hunger and thirst upon me, father, which have never been for a moment appeased; with an ardent impulse towards some region where rules and figures, and definitions were not quite absolute; I have grown up, battling every inch of my way."

"I never knew you were unhappy, my child."

"Father, I always knew it. In this strife I have almost repulsed and crushed my better angel into a demon. What I have learned has left me doubting, misbelieving, despising, regretting, what I have not learned; and my dismal resource has been to think that life would soon go by, and that nothing in it could be worth the pain and trouble of a contest."

"And you so young, Louisa!" he said with pity.

"And I so young. In this condition, father—for I show you now, without fear or favor, the ordinary deadened state of my mind as I know it—you proposed my husband to me, I took him. I never made a pretence to him or you that I loved him. I knew, and, father, you knew, and he knew that I never did. I was not wholly indifferent, for I had a hope of being pleasant and useful to Tom. I made that wild escape into something visionary, and have gradually found out how wild it was. But Tom had been the subject of all the little imaginative tenderness of my life; perhaps he became so because I knew so well how to pity him. It matters little now, except as it may dispose you to think more leniently of his errors."

As her father held her in his arm, she put her other hand upon his other shoulder, and still looking fixedly in his face, went on.

"When I was irrevocably married, there rose up into rebellion against the tie, the old strife, made fiercer by all those causes of disparity which arise out of our two individual natures, and no general laws shall ever rule or state for me, father, until they shall be able to direct the anatomist where to strike his knife into the secrets of my soul."

"Louisa!" he said, and said imploringly; for he well remembered what had passed between them in their former interview.

"I do not reproach you, father, I make no complaint. I am here with another object."

"What can I do, child? Ask me what you will."

"I am coming to it. Father, chance then threw it into my way a new acquaintance; a man such as I had had no experience of; used to the world; light, polished, easy; making no pretences; avowing the low estimate of everything, that I was half afraid to form in secret; conveying to me almost immediately, though I don't know how or by what degrees, that he understood me, and read my thoughts. I could not find that he was worse than I. There seemed to be a near affinity between us. I only wondered it should be worth his while, who cared for nothing else, to care so much for me."

"For you, Louisa!"

Her father might instinctively have loosened

his hold, but that he felt her strength departing from her, and he saw a wild dilating fire in the eyes steadfastly regarding him.

"I say nothing of his plea for claiming my confidence. It matters very little how he gained it. Father, he did gain it. What you know of the story of my marriage, he soon knew just as well."

Her father's face was ashy white, and he held her in both his arms.

"I have done no worse, I have not disgraced you. But if you ask me whether I have loved him, or do love him, I tell you plainly, father, that it may be so. I don't know!"

She took her hands suddenly from his shoulders, and pressed them both upon her side; while in her face, not like itself—and in her figure, drawn up, resolute to finish by a last effort what she had to say—the feelings long suppressed broke loose.

"This night, my husband being away, he has been with me, declaring himself my lover. This minute he expects me, for I could release myself of his presence by no other means. I do not know that I am sorry. I do not know that I am ashamed, I do not know that I am degraded in my own esteem. All that I know is, your philosophy and your teaching will not save me. Now, father, you have brought me to this. Save me by some other means.

He tightened his hold in time to prevent her sinking on the floor, but she cried out in a terrible voice, "I shall die if you hold me! Let me fall upon the ground!" And he laid her down there, and saw the pride of his heart and the triumph of his system, lying, an insensible heap, at his feet.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Louisa awoke from her torpor, and her eyes languidly opened on her old bed at home, and her old room. It seemed, at first, as if all that had happened since the days when these objects were familiar to her were the shadows of a dream; but gradually, as the objects became more real to her sight, the events became more real to her mind.

She could scarcely move her head for pain and heaviness, her eyes were strained and sore, and she was very weak. A curious passive inattention had such possession of her, that the presence of her little sister in the room did not attract her notice for some time. Even

when their eyes had met, and her sister had approached the bed, Louisa lay for minutes looking at her in silence, and suffering her timidly to hold her passive hand, before she asked:

"When was I brought to this room?"

"Last night, Louisa."

"Who brought me here?"

"Sissy, I believe."

"Why do you believe so?"

"Because I found her here this morning.

She didn't come to my bedside to wake me, as she always does; and I went to look for her. She was not in her own room either; and I went looking for her all over the house, until I found her here, taking care of you and cooling your head. Will you see father? Sissy said I was to tell him when you woke."

"What a beaming face you have, Jane!" said Louisa, as her young sister—timidly still—bent down to kiss her.

"Have I? I am very glad you think so. I am sure it must be Sissy's doing."

The arm Louisa had begun to twine about her neck, unbent itself.

"You can tell father, if you will." Then, staying her a moment, she said, "It was you who made my room so cheerful, and gave it this look of welcome?"

"Oh, no, Louisa, it was done before I came. It was——"

Louisa turned upon her pillow, and heard no more. When her sister had withdrawn, she turned her head back again, and lay with her face towards the door, until it opened and her father entered.

He had a jaded, anxious look upon him, and his hand, usually steady, trembled in hers. He sat down at the side of the bed, tenderly asking how she was, and dwelling on the necessity of her keeping very quiet after her agitation and exposure to the weather last night. He spoke in a subdued and troubled voice, very different from his usual dictatorial manner; and was often at a loss for words.

"My dear Louisa. My poor daughter."

He was so much at a loss at that place, that he stopped altogether. He tried again.

"My unfortunate child."

The place was so difficult to get over, that he tried again.

"It would be hopeless for me, Louisa, to endeavor to tell you how overwhelmed I have

been, and still am, by what broke upon me last night. The ground on which I stand has ceased to be solid under my feet. The only support on which I leaned, and the strength of which it seemed, and still does seem, impossible to question, has given way in an instant. I am stunned by these discoveries. I have no selfish meaning in what I say; but I find the shock of what broke upon me last night, to be very heavy indeed."

She could give him no comfort herein. She had suffered the wreck of her whole life upon the rock.

"I will not say, Louisa, that if you had by any happy chance undeceived me some time ago, it would have been better for us both; better for your peace, and better for mine. For I am sensible that it may not have been a part of my system to invite any confidence of that kind. I have proved my—my system to myself, and I have rigidly administered it; and I must bear the responsibility of its failures. I only entreat you to believe, my favorite child, that I have meant to do right."

He said it earnestly, and to do him justice he had. In gauging fathomless deeps with his little mean excise-rod, and in staggering over the universe with his rusty stiff-legged compasses, he had meant to do great things. Within the limits of his short tether he had tumbled about, annihilating the flowers of existence with greater singleness of purpose than many of the blatant personages whose company he kept.

"I am well assured of what you say, father. I know I have been your favorite child. I know you have intended to make me happy. I have never blamed you; and I never shall."

He took her outstretched hand, and retained it in his.

"My dear, I have remained all night at my table, pondering again and again on what has so painfully passed between us. When I consider your character; when I consider that what has been known to me for hours, has been concealed by you for years; when I consider under what immediate pressure it has been forced from you at last; I come to the conclusion that I cannot but mistrust myself."

He might have added more than all, when he saw the face now looking at him. He did add it in effect perhaps, as he softly moved her scattered hair from her forehead with his hand.

Such little actions, slight in another man, were very noticeable in him; and his daughter received them as if they had been words of contradiction.

"But," said Mr. Gradgrind slowly, and with hesitation, as well as with a wretched sense of helplessness, "if I see reason to mistrust myself for the past, Louisa, I should also mistrust myself for the present and the future. To speak unreservedly to you, I do. I am far from feeling convinced now, however differently I might have felt only this time yesterday, that I am fit for the trust you repose in me; that I know how to respond to the appeal you have come home to make to me; that I have the right instinct—supposing it for the moment to be some quality of that nature—how to help you, and to set you right, my child."

She had turned upon her pillow, and lay with her face upon her arm, so that he could not see it. All her wildness and passion had subsided; but, though softened, she was not in tears. Her father was changed in nothing so much as in the respect that he would have been glad to see her in tears.

"Some persons hold," he pursued, still hesitating, "that there is a wisdom of the Head, and that there is a wisdom of the Heart. I have not supposed so; but, as I have said, I mistrust myself now. I have supposed the Head to be all-sufficient. It may not be all-sufficient; how can I venture this morning to say that it is! If that other kind of wisdom should be what I have neglected, and should be the instinct that is wanted, Louisa——"

He suggested it very doubtfully, as if he were half unwilling to admit it even now. She made him no answer; lying before him on her bed, still half-dressed, much as he had seen her lying on the floor of his room last night.

"Louisa," and his hand rested on her hair again, "I have been absent from here, my dear, a good deal of late; and though your sister's training has been pursued according to—the system," he appeared to come to that word with great reluctance always, "it has necessarily been modified by daily associations begun, in her case, at an early age. I ask you—ignorantly and humbly, my daughter—for the better, do you think?"

"Father," she replied, without stirring, "if any harmony has been awakened in her

young breast that was mute in mine until it turned to discord, let her thank Heaven for it, and go upon her happier way, taking it as her greatest blessing that she has avoided my way."

"Oh, my child, my child!" he said, in a forlorn manner, "I am an unhappy man to see you thus! What avails it to me that you do not reproach me, if I so bitterly reproach myself!" He bent his head, and spoke low to her. "Louisa, I have a misgiving that some change may have been slowly working about me in this house, by mere love and gratitude; that what the Head had left undone and could not do, the Heart may have been doing silently. Can it be so?"

She made him no reply.

"I am not too proud to believe it, Louisa. How could I be arrogant, and you before me! Can it be so? Is it so, my dear?"

He looked upon her, once more, lying cast away there; and without another word went out of the room. He had not been long gone, when she heard a light tread near the door, and knew that some one stood beside her.

She did not raise her head. A dull anger that she should be seen in her distress, and that the involuntary look she had so resented should come to this fulfilment, smouldered within her like an unwholesome fire. All closely imprisoned forces rend and destroy. The air that would be healthful to the earth, the water that would enrich it, the heat that would ripen it, tear it when caged up. So in her bosom even now; the strongest qualities she possessed, long turned upon themselves, became a heap of obduracy, that rose against a friend.

It was well that soft touch came upon her neck, and that she understood herself to be supposed to have fallen asleep. The sympathetic hand did not claim her resentment. Let it lie there, let it lie.

So it lay there, warming into life a crowd of gentler thoughts; and she lay still. As she softened with the quiet, and the consciousness of being so watched, some tears made their way into her eyes. The face touched hers, and she knew that there were tears upon it, too, and she the cause of them.

As Louisa feigned to rouse herself, and sat up, Sissy retired, so that she stood placidly near the bed-side.

"I hope I have not disturbed you. I have come to ask if you will let me stay with you."

"Why should you stay with me? My sister will miss you. You are everything to her."

"Am I?" returned Sissy, shaking her head.

"I would be something to you if I might."

"What?" said Louisa, almost sternly.

"Whatever you want most, if I could be that. At all events, I would like to try to be as near it as I can. And however far off that may be, I will never tire of trying. Will you let me?"

"My father sent you to ask me."

"No, indeed," replied Sissy. "He told me that I might come in now, but he sent me away from the room this morning—or at least—"

She hesitated and stopped.

"At least, what?" said Louisa, with her searching eyes upon her.

"I thought it best myself that I should be sent away, for I felt very uncertain whether you would like to find me here."

"Have I always hated you so much?"

"I hope not, for I have always loved you, and have always wished that you should know it. But you changed to me a little, shortly before you left home. Not that I wondered at it. You knew so much, and I knew so little, and it was so natural in many ways, going as you were among other friends, that I had nothing to complain of, and was not at all hurt."

Her color rose as she said it modestly and hurriedly. Louisa understood the loving pretence, and her heart smote her.

"May I try?" said Sissy, emboldened to raise her hand to the neck that was insensibly drooping towards her.

Louisa, taking down the hand that would have embraced her in another moment, held it in one of hers, and answered—

"First, Sissy, do you know what I am? I am so proud and so hardened, so confused and troubled, so resentful and unjust to every one and to myself, that everything is stormy, dark, and wicked to me. Does not that repel you?"

"No!"

"I am so unhappy, and all that should have made me otherwise is so laid waste, that if I had been bereft of sense to this hour, and instead of being as learned as you think me, had

to begin to acquire the simplest truths, I could not want a guide to peace, contentment, honor, all the good of which I am quite devoid, more abjectly than I do. Does not that repel you?"

"No!"

In the innocence of her brave affection, and the brimming up of her old devoted spirit, the once deserted girl shone like a beautiful light upon the darkness of the other.

Louisa raised the hand that it might clasp her neck, and join its fellow there. She fell upon her knees, and clinging to this stroller's child, looked up at her almost with veneration.

"Forgive me, pity me, help me! Have compassion on my great need, and let me lay this head of mine upon a loving heart!"

"Oh! lay it here!" cried Sissy. "Lay it here, my dear."

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. James Harthouse passed a whole night and a day in a state of so much hurry, that the World, with its best glass in its eye, would scarcely have recognised him during that insane interval, as the brother Jem of the honorable and jocular member. He was positively agitated. He several times spoke with an emphasis, similar to the vulgar manner. He went in and went out in an unaccountable way, like a man with an object. He rode like a highwayman. In a word, he was so horribly bored by existing circumstances, that he forgot to go in for boredom in the manner prescribed by the authorities.

After putting his horse at Coketown through the storm, as if it were a leap, he waited up all night; from time to time ringing his bell with the greatest fury, charging the porter who kept watch with delinquency in withholding letters or messages that could not fail to have been entrusted to him, and demanding restitution on the spot. The dawn coming, the morning coming, and the day coming, and neither message nor letter coming with either, he went down to the country house. There, the report was, Mr. Bounderby away, and Mrs. Bounderby in town. Left for town, suddenly, last evening. Not even known to be gone until receipt of message, importing that her return was not to be expected for the present.

In these circumstances, he had nothing for

it but to follow her to town. He went to the house in town. Mrs. Bounderby not there. He looked in at the Bank. Mr. Bounderby away, and Mrs. Sparsit away. Mrs. Sparsit away? Who could have been reduced to sudden extremity for the company of that griffin!

"Well! I don't know," said Tom, who had his own reasons for being uneasy about it. "She was off somewhere, at daybreak, this morning. She's always full of mystery; I hate her. So I do that white chap; he's always got his blinking eyes upon a fellow."

"Where were you, last night, Tom?"

"Where was I, last night!" said Tom. "Come! I like that. I was waiting for you, Mr. Harthouse, till it came down as I never saw it come down before. Where was I, too! Where were you, you mean?"

"I was prevented from coming—detained."

"Detained!" murmured Tom. "Two of us were detained. I was detained looking for you, till I lost every train but the mail. It would have been a pleasant job to go down by that on such a night, and have to walk home through a pond. I was obliged to sleep in town, after all."

"Where?"

"Where? Why, in my own bed, at Bounderby's."

"Did you see your sister?"

"How the deuce," returned Tom, staring, "could I see my sister when she was fifteen miles off?"

Cursing these quick retorts of the young gentleman to whom he was so true a friend, Mr. Harthouse disembarassed himself of that interview with the smallest conceivable amount of ceremony, and debated for the hundredth time what all this could mean? He made only one thing clear. It was, that, whether she was in town or out of town, whether he had been premature with her who was so hard to comprehend, or she had lost courage, or they were discovered, or some mischance or mistake at present incomprehensible had occurred, he must remain to confront his fortune, whatever it was. The hotel where he was known to live when condemned to that region of blackness, was the stake to which he was tied. As to all the rest—What will be, will be.

"So, whether I am waiting for a hostile message, or an assignation, or a penitent re-

monstrance, or an impromptu wrestle with my friend Bounderby in the Lancashire manner—which would seem as likely as anything else in the present state of affairs—I'll dine," said Mr. James Harthouse. "Bounderby has the advantage in point of weight; and if anything of a British nature is to come off between us, it may be as well to be in training."

Therefore, he rang the bell, and, tossing himself negligently on a sofa, ordered "Some dinner at six—with a beefsteak in it," and got through the intervening time as well as he could. That was not particularly well; for he remained in the greatest perplexity, and as the hours went on, and no kind of explanation offered itself, his perplexity augmented at compound interest.

However, he took affairs as coolly as it was in human nature to do, and entertained himself with the facetious idea of the training more than once. "It wouldn't be bad," he yawned at one time, "to give the waiter five shillings, and throw him." At another time, it occurred to him, "Or a fellow of about thirteen or fourteen stone might be hired by the hour." But these jests did not tell materially on the afternoon, or his suspense; and, sooth to say, they both lagged fearfully.

It was impossible, even before dinner, to avoid often walking about in the pattern of the carpet, looking out of the window, listening at the door for footsteps, and occasionally becoming rather hot when any steps approached that room. But, after dinner, when the day turned to twilight, and the twilight turned to night, and still no communication was made to him, it began to be, as he expressed it, "like the Holy Office and slow torture." However, still true to his conviction that indifference was the genuine high-breeding (the only conviction he had), he seized this crisis as the opportunity for ordering candles and a newspaper.

He had been trying in vain, for half an hour, to read this newspaper, when the waiter appeared and said, at once mysteriously and apologetically—

"Beg your pardon, sir. You're wanted, sir, if you please."

A general recollection that this was the kind of thing the Police said to the swell mob, caused Mr. Harthouse to ask the waiter in re-

turn, with bristling indignation, what the Devil he meant by "wanted?"

"Beg your pardon, sir. Young lady outside, sir, wishes to see you."

"Outside? Where?"

"Outside this door, sir."

Giving the waiter to the personage before mentioned, as a blockhead duly qualified for that consignment, Mr. Harthouse hurried into the gallery. A young woman whom he had never seen stood there. Plainly dressed, very quiet, very pretty. As he conducted her into the room, and placed a chair for her, he observed, by the light of the candles, that she was even prettier than he had at first believed. Her face was innocent and youthful, and its expression remarkably pleasant. She was not afraid of him, or in any way disconcerted; she seemed to have her mind entirely pre-occupied with the occasion of her visit, and to have substituted that consideration for herself.

"I speak to Mr. Harthouse?" she said, when they were alone.

"To Mr. Harthouse." He added in his mind, "And you speak to him with the most confiding eyes I ever saw, and the most earnest voice (though so quiet) I ever heard."

"If I do not understand—and I do not, sir"—said Sissy, "what your honor as a gentleman binds you to, in other matters;" the blood really rose in his face as she began in these words; "I am sure I may rely upon it to keep my visit secret, and to keep secret what I am going to say. I will rely upon it, if you will tell me I may so far trust you."

"You may, I assure you."

"I am young, as you see. I am alone, as you see. In coming to you, sir, I have no advice or encouragement beyond my own hope."

He thought, "But that is very strong," as he followed the momentary upward glance of her eyes. He thought besides, "This is a very odd beginning. I don't see where we are going."

"I think," said Sissy, "you have already guessed whom I left just now?"

"I have been in the greatest concern and uneasiness during the last four-and-twenty hours (which have appeared as many years)," he returned, "on a lady's account. The hopes I have been encouraged to form that you come from that lady, do not deceive me, I trust."

"I left her within an hour."

"At—?"

"At her father's."

Mr. Harthouse's face lengthened in spite of his coolness, and his perplexity increased. "Then I certainly," he thought, "do not see where we are going."

"She hurried there last night. She arrived there in great agitation, and was insensible all through the night. I live at her father's, and was with her. You may be sure, sir, you will never see her again, as long as you live."

Mr. Harthouse drew a long breath; and, if ever man found himself in the position of not knowing what to say, made the discovery beyond all question that he was so circumstanced. The child-like ingenuousness with which his visitor spoke, her modest fearlessness, her truthfulness which put all artifice aside, her entire forgetfulness of herself in her earnest quiet holding to the object with which she had come; all this, together with her reliance on his easily-given promise—which in itself shamed him—presented something in which he was so inexperienced, and against which he knew any of his usual weapons would fall so powerless; that not a word could he rally to his relief.

At last, he said—

"So startling an announcement, so confidently made, and by such lips, is really disconcerting in the last degree. May I be permitted to inquire, if you are charged to convey that information to me in those hopeless words, by the lady of whom we speak?"

"I have no charge from her."

"The drowning man catches at the straw. With no disrespect for your judgment, and with no doubt of your sincerity, excuse my saying that I cling to the belief that there is yet hope that I am not condemned to perpetual exile from that lady's presence."

"There is not the least hope. The first object of my coming here, sir, is to assure you that you must believe that there is no more hope of your ever speaking with her again, than there would be if she had died when she came home last night."

"Must believe? But if I can't—or if I should, by infirmity of nature, be obstinate—and won't—"

"It is still true. There is no hope."

James Harthouse looked at her with an incredulous smile upon his lips; but her mind

looked over and beyond him, and the smile was quite thrown away.

He bit his lip, and took a little time for consideration.

"Well! If it should unhappily appear," he said, "after due pains and duty on my part, that I am brought to a position so desolate as this banishment, I shall not become the lady's persecutor. But you said you had no commission from her?"

"I have only the commission of my love for her, and her love for me. I have no other trust, than that I have been with her since she came home, and that she has given me her confidence. I have no further trust, than that I know something of her character and her marriage. Oh! Mr. Harthouse, I think you had that trust too!"

He was touched in the cavity where his heart should have been—in that nest of addled eggs, where the birds of heaven would have lived if they had not been whistled away—by the fervor of this reproach.

"I am not a moral sort of fellow," he said, "and I never make any pretensions to the character of a moral sort of fellow. I am as immoral as need be. At the same time, in bringing any distress upon the lady who is the subject of the present conversation, or in unfortunately compromising her in any way, or in committing myself by any expression of sentiments towards her, not perfectly reconcilable with—in fact with—the domestic hearth; or in taking any advantage of her father's being a machine, or her brother's being a whelp, or her husband's being a bear; I beg to be allowed to assure you that I have had no particularly evil intentions, but have glided on from one step to another, with a smoothness so perfectly irresistible, that I had not the slightest idea the catalogue was half so long until I began to turn it over. Whereas I find," said Mr. James Harthouse, in conclusion, "that it is really in several volumes."

Though he said all this in his frivolous way, the way seemed, for that once, a conscious polishing of but an ugly surface. He was silent for a moment; and then proceeded with a more self-possessed air, though with traces of vexation and disappointment that would not be polished out:

"After what has been just now represented to me, in a manner I find it impossible to

doubt—I know of hardly any other source from which I could have accepted it so readily—I feel bound to say to you, in whom the confidence you have mentioned has been reposed, that I cannot refuse to contemplate the possibility (however unexpectedly) of my seeing the lady no more. I am solely to blame for the thing having come to this—and—and, I cannot say,” he added, rather hard up for a general peroration, “that I have any sanguine expectation of ever becoming a moral sort of fellow, or that I have any belief in any moral sort of fellow whatever.”

Sissy’s face sufficiently showed that her appeal to him was not finished.

“You spoke,” he resumed, as she raised her eyes to him again, “of your first object. I may assume that there is a second to be mentioned?”

“Yes.”

“Will you oblige me by confiding it?”

“Mr. Harthouse,” returned Sissy, with a blending of gentleness and steadiness that quite defeated him, and with a simple confidence in his being bound to do what she required, that held him at a singular disadvantage, “the only reparation that remains with you, is to leave here immediately and finally. I am quite sure that you can mitigate in no other way the wrong and harm you have done. I am quite sure that it is the only compensation you have left it in your power to make. I do say that it is much, or that it is enough; but it is something, and it is necessary. Therefore, though without any other authority than I have given you, and even without the knowledge of any other person than yourself and myself, I ask you to depart from this place to-night, under an obligation never to return to it.”

If she had asserted any influence over him beyond her plain faith in the truth and right of what she said; if she had concealed the least doubt or irresolution, or had harbored for the best purpose any reserve or pretence; if she had shown, or felt the lightest trace of any sensitiveness to his ridicule or his astonishment, or any remonstrance he might offer; he would have carried it against her at this point. But he could as easily have changed a clear sky by looking at it in surprise, as affect her.

“But do you know,” he asked, quite at a loss, “the extent of what you ask? You pro-

bably are not aware that I am here on a public kind of business, preposterous enough in itself, but which I have gone in for, and sworn by, and am supposed to be devoted to in quite a desperate manner? You probably are not aware of that, but I assure you it’s the fact.”

It had no effect on Sissy, fact or no fact.

“Besides which,” said Mr. Harthouse, taking a turn or two across the room, dubiously, “it’s so alarmingly absurd. It would make a man so ridiculous, after going in for these fellows, to back out in such an incomprehensible way.”

“I am quite sure,” repeated Sissy, “that it is the only reparation in your power, sir. I am quite sure, or I would not have come here.”

He glanced at her face, and walked about again. “Upon my soul, I don’t know what to say. So immensely absurd!”

It fell to his lot, now, to stipulate, for secrecy.

“If I were to do such a very ridiculous thing,” he said, stopping again presently, and leaning against the chimney-piece, “it could only be in the most inviolable confidence.”

“I will trust to you, sir,” returned Sissy, “and you will trust to me.”

His leaning against the chimney-piece reminded him of the night with the whelp. It was the self-same chimney-piece, and somehow he felt as if he were the whelp to-night. He could make no way at all.

“I suppose a man never was placed in a more ridiculous position,” he said, after looking down, and looking up, and laughing, and frowning, and walking off and walking back again. “But I see no way out of it. What will be, will be. This will be, I suppose. I must take off myself, I imagine—in short, I engage to do it.”

Sissy rose. She was not surprised by the result, but she was happy in it, and her face beamed brightly.

“You will permit me to say,” continued Mr. James Harthouse, “that I doubt if any other ambassador, or ambassadress, could have addressed me with the same success. I must not only regard myself as being in a very ridiculous position, but as being vanquished at all points. Will you allow me the privilege of remembering my enemy’s name?”

“My name?” said the ambassadress.

"The only name I could possibly care to know, to-night."

"Sissy Jupe."

"Pardon my curiosity at parting. Related to the family?"

"I am only a poor girl," returned Sissy, "I was separated from my father—he was only a stroller—and taken pity on by Mr. Gradgrind. I have lived in the house ever since."

She was gone.

"It wanted this to complete the defeat," said Mr. James Harthouse, sinking with a resigned air, on the sofa, after standing transfixed a little while. "The defeat may now be considered perfectly accomplished. Only a poor girl—only a stroller—only James Harthouse made nothing of—only James Harthouse a Great Pyramid of failure."

The Great Pyramid put it into his head to go up the Nile. He took a pen upon the instant, and wrote the following note (in appropriate hieroglyphics) to his brother:

"Dear Jack. All up at Coketown. Bored out of the place, and going in for camels. Affectionately, JEM."

He rang the bell.

"Send my fellow here."

"Gone to bed, sir."

"Tell him to get up, and pack up."

He wrote two more notes. One, to Mr. Bounderby, announcing his retirement from that part of the country, and showing where he would be found for the next fortnight. The other, similar in effect, to Mr. Gradgrind. Almost as soon as the ink was dry upon their superscriptions, he had left the tall chimneys of Coketown behind, and was in a railway carriage, tearing and glaring over the dark landscape.

The moral sort of fellows might suppose that Mr. James Harthouse derived some comfortable reflections afterwards, from this prompt retreat, as one of his few actions that made any amends for anything, and as a token to himself that he had escaped the climax of a very bad business. But it was not so, at all. A secret sense of having failed and been ridiculous—a dread of what other fellows who went in for similar sorts of things, would say at his expense if they knew—so oppressed him, that what was about the very best passage in his life was the one of all others he would

not have owned to on any account, and the only one that made him ashamed of himself.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The indefatigable Mrs. Sparsit, with a violent cold upon her, her voice reduced to a whisper, and her stately frame so racked by continual sneezes that it seemed in danger of dismemberment, gave chase to her patron until she found him in the metropolis; and there, majestically sweeping in upon him at his hotel in St. James' street, exploded the combustibles with which she was charged, and blew up. Having executed her mission with infinite relish, this high-minded woman then fainted away on Mr. Bounderby's coat-collar.

Mr. Bounderby's first procedure was to shake Mrs. Sparsit off, and leave her to progress as she might through various stages of suffering on the floor. He next had recourse to the administration of potent restoratives, such as screwing the patient's thumbs, smiting her hands, abundantly watering her face, and inserting salt in her mouth. When these attentions had recovered her (which they speedily did), he hustled her into a fast train without offering any other refreshment, and carried her back to Coketown more dead than alive.

Regarded as a classical ruin, Mrs. Sparsit was an interesting spectacle on her arrival at her journey's end; but considered in any other light, the amount of damage she had by that time sustained was excessive, and impaired her claims to admiration. Utterly heedless of the wear and tear of her clothes and constitution, and adamant to her pathetic sneezes, Mr. Bounderby immediately crammed her into a coach, and bore her off to Stone Lodge.

"Now, Tom Gradgrind," said Bounderby, bursting into his father-in-law's room, late at night; "here's a lady here—Mrs. Sparsit—you know Mrs. Sparsit—who has something to say to you that will strike you dumb."

"You have missed my letter!" exclaimed Mr. Gradgrind, surprised by the apparition.

"Missed your letter, sir!" bawled Bounderby. "The present time is no time for letters. No man shall talk to Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, about letters, with his mind in the state it's in now."

"Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, in a tone of temperate remonstrance, "I speak of

a very special letter I have written to you, in reference to Louisa."

"Tom Gradgrind," replied Bounderby, knocking the flat of his hand several times with great vehemence on the table, "I speak of a very special messenger that has come to me, in reference to Louisa. Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, stand forward!"

That unfortunate lady hereupon essaying to offer testimony, without any voice and with painful gestures expressive of an inflamed throat, became so aggravating and underwent so many facial contortions, that Mr. Bounderby, unable to bear it, seized her by the arm and shook her.

"If you can't get it out, ma'am," said Bounderby, "leave *me* to get it out. This is not a time for a lady, however highly connected, to be totally inaudible, and seemingly swallowing marbles. Tom Gradgrind, Mrs. Sparsit latterly found herself, by accident, in a situation to overhear a conversation out of doors between your daughter and your precious gentleman-friend, Mr. James Harthouse."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Gradgrind.

"Ah! indeed!" cried Bounderby. "And in that conversation—"

"It is not necessary to repeat its tenor, Bounderby. I know what passed."

"You do? Perhaps," said Bounderby, staring with all his might at his so quiet and assuasive father-in-law, "you know where your daughter is at the present time?"

"Undoubtedly. She is here."

"Here?"

"My dear Bounderby, let me beg you to restrain these loud outbreaks, on all accounts. Louisa is here. The moment she could detach herself from that interview with the person of whom you speak, and whom I deeply regret to have been the means of introducing to you, Louisa hurried here, for protection. I myself had not been at home many hours when I received her—here, in this room. She hurried by the train to town, she ran from town to this house through a raging storm, and presented herself before me in a state of distraction. Of course, she has remained here ever since. Let me entreat you, for your own sake and for hers, to be more quiet."

Mr. Bounderby silently gazed about him for some moments, in every direction except Mrs. Sparsit's direction; and then, abruptly turning

upon the niece of Lady Scadgers, said to that wretched woman—

"Now, ma'am! we shall be happy to hear any little apology you may think proper to offer, for going about the country, at express pace, with no other luggage than a Cock-and-a-Bull, ma'am!"

"Sir," whispered Mrs. Sparsit, "my nerves are at present too much shaken, and my health is at present too much impaired, in your service, to admit of my doing more than taking refuge in tears."

Which she did.

"Well, ma'am," said Bounderby, "without making any observation to you that may not be made with propriety to a woman of good family, what I have got to add to that, is, that there's something else in which it appears to me you may take refuge, namely, a coach. And the coach in which we came here, being at the door, you'll allow me to hand you down to it, and pack you home to the Bank; where the best course for you to pursue, will be to put your feet into the hottest water you can bear, and take a glass of scalding rum and butter after you get into bed."

With these words, Mr. Bounderby extended his right hand to the weeping lady, and escorted her to the conveyance in question, shedding many plaintive sneezes by the way. He soon returned alone.

"Now, as you showed me in your face, Tom Gradgrind, that you wanted to speak to me," he resumed, "here I am. But, I am not in a very agreeable state, I tell you plainly; not relishing this business even as it is, and not considering that I am at any time as dutifully and submissively treated by your daughter, as Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, ought to be treated by his wife. You have your opinion, I dare say; and I have mine, I know. If you mean to say anything to me, to-night, that goes against this candid remark, you had better let it alone."

Mr. Gradgrind, it will be observed, being much softened, Mr. Bounderby took particular pains to harden himself at all points. It was his amiable nature.

"My dear Bounderby," Mr. Gradgrind began in reply.

"Now, you'll excuse me," said Bounderby, "but I don't want to be too dear. That, to start with. When I begin to be dear to a

man, I generally find that his intention is to come over me. I am not speaking to you politely; but, as you are aware, I am *not* polite. If you like politeness, you know where to get it. You have your gentlemen friends, you know, and they'll serve you with as much of the article as you want. I don't keep it myself."

"Boulderby," urged Mr. Gradgrind, "we are all liable to mistakes—"

"I thought you couldn't make 'em," interrupted Boulderby.

"Perhaps, I thought so. But, I say we are all liable to mistakes, and I should feel sensible of your delicacy, and grateful for it, if you would spare me these references to Harthouse. I shall not associate him in our conversation with your intimacy and encouragement; pray, do not persist in connecting him with mine."

"I never mentioned his name!" said Boulderby.

"Well, well!" returned Mr. Gradgrind, with a patient, even a submissive, air. And he sat for a little while pondering. "Boulderby, I see reason to doubt whether we have ever quite understood Louisa."

"Who do you mean by We?"

"Let me say I, then," he returned, in answer to the coarsely blurted question; "I doubt whether I have understood Louisa. I doubt whether I have been quite right in the manner of her education."

"There you hit it," returned Boulderby. "There I agree with you. You have found it out, at last, have you? Education! I'll tell you what education is—To be tumbled out of doors, neck and crop, and put upon the shortest allowance of everything except blows. That's what I call education."

"I think your good sense will perceive," Mr. Gradgrind remonstrated in all humility, "that, whatever the merits of such a system may be, it would be difficult of general application to girls."

"I don't see it at all, sir," returned the obstinate Boulderby.

"Well," sighed Mr. Gradgrind, "we will not enter into the question. I assure you I have no desire to be controversial. I seek to repair what is amiss, if I possibly can; and I hope you will assist me in a good spirit, Boulderby, for I have been very much distressed."

"I don't understand you, yet," said Boun-

derby, with determined obstinacy, "and, therefore, I won't make any promises."

"In the course of a few hours, my dear Boulderby," Mr. Gradgrind proceeded, in the same depressed and propitiatory manner, "I appear to myself to have become better informed as to Louisa's character, than in previous years. The enlightenment has been painfully forced upon me, and the discovery is not mine. I think there are—Boulderby, you will be surprised to hear me say this—I think there are qualities in Louisa, which—which have been harshly neglected, and—and a little perverted. And—and I would suggest to you, that—that if you would kindly meet me in a timely endeavor to leave her to her better nature for a while—and to encourage it to develop itself by tenderness and consideration—it—it would be the better for the happiness of all of us. Louisa," said Mr. Gradgrind, shading his face with his hand, "has always been my favorite child."

The blustrous Boulderby crimsoned and swelled to such an extent, on hearing these words, that he seemed to be, and probably was, on the brink of a fit. With his very ears a bright purple shot with crimson, he pent up his indignation, however, and said—

"You'd like to keep her here for a time?"

"I—I had intended to recommend, my dear Boulderby, that you should allow Louisa to remain here on a visit, and be attended by Sissy (I mean, of course, Cecilia Jupe), who understands her, and in whom she trusts."

"I gather from all this, Tom Gradgrind," said Boulderby, standing up with his hands in his pockets, "that you are of opinion that there's what people call some incompatibility between Loo Boulderby and myself."

"I fear there is at present a general incompatibility between Louisa and—and—and almost all the relations in which I have placed her," was her father's sorrowful reply.

"Now, look you here, Tom Gradgrind," said Boulderby the flushed, confronting him with his legs wide apart, his hands deeper in his pockets, and his hair like a hay-field wherein his windy anger was boisterous. "You have said your say. I am going to say mine. I am a Coketown man. I am Josiah Boulderby, of Coketown. I know the bricks of this town, and I know the works of this town, and I know the chimneys of this town, and I

know the smoke of this town, and I know the Hands of this town. I know 'em all pretty well. They're real. When a man tells me anything about imaginative qualities, I always tell that man, whoever he is, that I know what he means. He means turtle-soup and venison, with a gold spoon, and that he wants to be set up with a coach and six. That's what your daughter wants. Since you are of opinion that she ought to have what she wants, I recommend you to provide it for her. Because, Tom Gradgrind, she will never have it from me."

"Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, "I hoped, after my entreaty, you would have taken a different tone."

"Just wait a bit," retorted Bounderby; "you have said your say, I believe. I heard you out. Hear me out, if you please. Don't make yourself a spectacle of unfairness as well as inconsistency, because, although I am sorry to see Tom Gradgrind reduced to his present position, I should be doubly sorry to see him brought so low as that. Now, there's an incompatibility of some sort or another, I am given to understand by you, between your daughter and me. I'll give you to understand, in reply to that, that there unquestionably is an incompatibility of the first magnitude—to be summed up in this—that your daughter don't properly know her husband's merits, and is not impressed with such a sense as would become her, by George! of the honor of his alliance. That's plain speaking, I hope."

"Bounderby," urged Mr. Gradgrind, "this is unreasonable."

"Is it?" said Bounderby. "I am glad to hear you say so. Because, when Tom Gradgrind, with his new lights, tells me that what I say is unreasonable, I am convinced at once it must be devilish sensible. With your permission, I am going on. You know my origin; and you know that for a good many years of my life I didn't want a shoeing-horn, in consequence of not having a shoe. Yet you may believe or not, as you think proper, that there are ladies—born ladies—belonging to families—Families!—who next to worship the ground I walk on."

He discharged this, like a Rocket, at his father-in-law's head.

"Whereas, your daughter," proceeded Bounderby, "is far from being a born lady. That

you know, yourself. Not that I care a pinch of candle-snuff about such things, for you are very well aware I don't; but that such is the fact, and you, Tom Gradgrind, can't change it. Why do I say this?"

"Not, I fear," observed Mr. Gradgrind, in a low voice, "to spare me."

"Hear me out," said Bounderby, "and refrain from cutting in till your turn comes round. I say this, because highly connected females have been astonished to see the way in which your daughter has conducted herself, and to witness her insensibility. They have wondered how I have suffered it. And I wonder myself now, and I won't suffer it."

"Bounderby," returned Mr. Gradgrind, rising, "the less we say to-night the better, I think."

"On the contrary, Tom Gradgrind, the more we say to-night, the better, I think. That is," the consideration checked him, "till I have said all I mean to say, and then I don't care how soon we stop. I come to a question that may shorten the business. What do you mean by the proposal you made just now?"

"What do I mean, Bounderby?"

"By your visiting proposition," said Bounderby, with an inflexible jerk of the hay field.

"I mean that I hope you may be induced to arrange, in a friendly manner, for allowing Louisa a period of repose and reflection here, which may tend to a gradual alteration for the better in many respects."

"To a softening down of your ideas of the incompatibility?" said Bounderby.

"If you put it in those terms."

"What made you think of this?" said Bounderby.

"I have already said, I fear Louisa has not been understood. It is asking too much, Bounderby, that you, so far her elder, should aid in trying to set her right? You have accepted a great charge of her; for better for worse, for—"

Mr. Bounderby may have been annoyed by the repetition of his own words to Stephen Blackpool, but he cut the quotation short with an angry start.

"Come!" said he, "I don't want to be told about that. I know what I took her for, as well as you do. Never you mind what I took her for; that's my look-out."

"I was merely going on to remark, Bound-

by, that we may all be more or less in the wrong, not even excepting you; and that some yielding on your part, remembering the trust you have accepted, may not only be an act of true kindness, but perhaps a debt incurred towards Louisa."

"I think differently," blustered Bounderby; "I am going to finish this business according to my own opinions. Now, I don't want to make a quarrel of it with you, Tom Gradgrind. To tell you the truth, I don't think it would be worthy of my reputation to quarrel on such a subject. As to your gentleman-friend, he may take himself off, wherever he likes best. If he falls in my way, I shall tell him my mind; if he don't fall in my way, I shan't, for it won't be worth my while to do it. As to your daughter, whom I made Loo Bounderby, and might have done better by leaving Loo Gradgrind, if she don't come home to-morrow, at twelve o'clock at noon, I shall understand that she prefers to stay away, and I shall send her wearing apparel and so forth over here, and you'll take charge of her for the future. What I shall say to people in general, of the incompatibility that led to my so laying down the law, will be this. I am Josiah Bounderby, and I had my bringing-up; she's the daughter of Tom Gradgrind, and she had her bringing-up; and the two horses wouldn't pull together. I am pretty well known to be rather an uncommon man, I believe; and most people will understand fast enough that it must be a woman rather out of the common also, who in the long run would come up to my mark."

"Let me seriously entreat you to reconsider this, Bounderby," urged Mr. Gradgrind, "before you commit yourself to such a decision."

"I always come to a decision," said Bounderby, tossing his hat on; "and whatever I do, I do at once. I should be surprised at Tom Gradgrind's addressing such a remark to Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, knowing what he knows of him, if I could be surprised by anything Tom Gradgrind did, after his making himself a party to sentimental humbug. I have given you my decision, and I have got no more to say. Good night!"

So, Mr. Bounderby went home to his town-house to bed. At five minutes past twelve o'clock next day, he directed Mrs. Bounderby's property to be carefully packed up and sent to Tom Gradgrind's; advertised his country re-

treat for sale by private contract; and resumed a bachelor life.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The robbery at the bank had not languished before, and not cease to occupy a front place in the attention of the principal of that establishment now. In boastful proof of his promptitude and activity, as a remarkable man, and a self-made man, and a commercial wonder more admirable than Venus, who had risen out of the mud instead of the sea, he liked to show how little his domestic affairs abated his business ardor. Consequently, in the first few weeks of his resumed bachelorhood, he even advanced upon his usual display of bustle, and every day made such a rout in renewing his investigations into the robbery, that the officers who had it in hand almost wished it had never been committed.

They were at fault too, and off the scent. Although they had been so quiet since the first outbreak of the matter, that most people really did suppose it to have been abandoned as hopeless, nothing new occurred. No implicated man or woman took untimely courage, or made a self-betraying step. More remarkable yet, Stephen Blackpool could not be heard of, and the mysterious old woman remained a mystery.

Things having come to this pass, and showing no latent signs of stirring beyond it, the upshot of Mr. Bounderby's investigations was, that he resolved to hazard a bold burst. He drew up a placard, offering Twenty Pounds reward for the apprehension of Stephen Blackpool, suspected of complicity in the robbery of the Coketown Bank on such a night; he described the said Stephen Blackpool by dress, complexion, estimated height, and manner, as minutely as he could; he recited how he had left the town, and in what direction he had been last seen going; he had the whole printed in great black letters on a staring broad sheet; and he caused the walls to be posted with it in the dead of night, so that it should strike upon the sight of the whole population at one blow.

The factory-bells had need to ring their loudest that morning to disperse the groups of workers who stood in the tardy daybreak, collected round the placards, devouring them with eager eyes. Not the least eager of the eyes assembled, were the eyes of those who could not read. These people, as they listened to the

friendly voice that read aloud—there was always some such ready to help them—stared at the characters which meant so much with a vague awe and respect that would have been half ludicrous, if any aspect of public ignorance could ever be otherwise than threatening and full of evil. Many ears and eyes were busy with a vision of the matter of these placards, among turning spindles, rattling looms, and whirling wheels, for hours afterwards; and when the Hands cleared out again into the streets, there were still as many readers as before.

Slackbridge, the delegate, had to address his audience too that night; and Slackbridge had obtained a clean bill from the printer, and had brought it in his pocket. Oh, my friends and fellow-countrymen, the down-trodden operatives of Coketown, oh, my fellow-brothers and fellow-workmen and fellow-citizens and fellow-men, what a to-do was there, when Slackbridge unfolded what he called “that damning document,” and held it up to the gaze, and for the execration of the working-man community! “Oh, my fellow-men, behold of what a traitor in the camp of those great spirits who are enrolled upon the holy scroll of Justice and of Union, is appropriately capable! Oh, my prostrate friends, with the galling yoke of tyrants on your necks and the iron foot of despotism treading down your fallen forms into the dust of the earth, upon which right glad would your oppressors be to see you creeping on your bellies all the days of your lives, like the serpent in the garden—oh, my brothers, and shall I as a man not add my sisters too, what do you say, *now*, of Stephen Blackpool, with a slight stoop in his shoulders and about five foot seven in height, as set forth in this degrading and disgusting document, this blighting bill, this pernicious placard, this abominable advertisement; and with what majesty of denouncement will you crush the viper, who would bring this stain and shame upon the Godlike race that happily has cast him out for ever! Yes, my compatriots, happily cast him out and sent him forth! For you remember how he stood here before you on this platform; you remember how, face to face and foot to foot, I pursued him through all his intricate windings; you remember how he sneaked, and slunk, and sidled, and splitted of straws, until, with not an inch of ground to which to cling, I

hurled him out from amongst us; an object for the undying finger of scorn to point at, and for the avenging fire of every free and thinking mind, to scorch and sear! And now my friends—my laboring friends, for I rejoice and triumph in that stigma—my friends whose hard but honest beds are made in toil, and whose scanty but independent pots are boiled in hardship; and, now I say, my friends, what appellation has that dastard craven taken to himself, when, with the mask torn from his features, he stands before us in all his native deformity, a What? A thief! A plunderer! A proscribed fugitive, with a price upon his head; a fester and a wound upon the noble character of the Coketown operative! Therefore, my band of brothers in a sacred bond, to which your children and your children’s children yet unborn have set their infant hands and seals, I propose to you on the part of the United Aggregate Tribunal, ever watchful for your welfare, ever zealous for your benefit, that this meeting does Resolve, That Stephen Blackpool, weaver, referred to in this placard, having been already solemnly disowned by the community of Coketown Hands, the same are free from the shame of his misdeeds, and cannot as a class be reproached with his dishonest actions!”

Thus Slackbridge; gnashing and perspiring after a prodigious sort. A few stern voices called out “No!” and a score or two hailed, with assenting cries of “Hear hear!” the caution from one man, “Slackbridge, y’or over better int; y’or a goen too fast!”

But these were pigmies against an army; the general assemblage subscribed to the gospel according to Slackbridge, and gave three cheers for him, as he sat demonstratively panting at them.

These men and women were yet in the streets, passing quietly to their homes, when Sissy, who had been called away from Louisa some minutes before, returned.

“Who is it?” asked Louisa.

“It is Mr. Bounderby,” said Sissy, timid of the name, “and your brother, Mr. Tom, and a young woman who says her name is Rachael, and that you know her.”

“What do they want, Sissy, dear?”

“They want to see you. Rachael has been crying, and seems angry.”

“Father,” said Louisa, for he was present,

“I cannot refuse to see them, for a reason

that will explain itself. Shall they come in here?"

As he answered in the affirmative, Sissy went away to bring them. She re-appeared with them directly. Tom was last; and remained standing in the obscurest part of the room near the door.

"Mrs. Bounderby," said her husband, entering with a cool nod, "I don't disturb you, I hope. This is an unseasonable hour, but here is a young woman who has been making statements which render my visit necessary. Tom Gradgrind, as your son, young Tom, refuses for some absterbate reason or other to say anything at all about those statements, good or bad, I am obliged to confront her with your daughter."

"You have seen me once before, young lady," said Rachael, standing in front of Louisa.

Tom coughed.

"You have seen me, young lady," repeated Rachael, as she did not answer, "once before."

Tom coughed again.

"I have."

Rachael cast her eyes proudly towards Mr. Bounderby, and said, "Will you make it known, young lady, where, and who was there?"

"I went to the house where Stephen Blackpool lodged, on the night of his charge from his work, and I saw you there. He was there too; and an old woman who did not speak, and whom I could scarcely see, stood in a dark corner. My brother was with me."

"Why couldn't you say so, young Tom?" demanded Bounderby.

"I promised my sister I wouldn't." Which Louisa hastily confirmed. "And besides," said the whelp bitterly, "she tells her own story so precious well—and so full—that what business had I to take it out of her mouth!"

"Say, young lady, if you please," pursued Rachael, "why, in an evil hour, you ever come to Stephen's that night."

"I felt compassion for him," said Louisa, her color deepening, "and I wished to know what he was going to do, and wished to offer him assistance."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bounderby. "Much flattered and obliged."

"Did you offer him," asked Rachael, "a bank note?"

"Yes; but he refused it, and would only take two pounds in gold."

Rachael cast her eyes towards Mr. Bounderby again.

"Oh, certainly!" said Bounderby. "If you put the question whether your ridiculous and improbable account was true or not, I am bound to say it's confirmed."

"Young lady," said Rachael, "Stephen Blackpool is now named as a thief in public print all over this town, and where else! There have been a meeting to-night, where he have been spoken of in the same shameful way. Stephen! The honestest lad, the truest lad, the best!"

Her indignation failed her, and she broke off, sobbing.

"I am very, very sorry," said Louisa.

"Oh! young lady, young lady," returned Rachael, "I hope you may be, but I don't know! I can't say what you may ha' done! The like of you don't know us, don't care for us, don't belong to us. I am not sure why you may ha' come that night. I can't tell but what you may ha' come wi' some aim of your own, not mindin to what trouble you brought such as the poor lad. I said then, Bless you for coming; and I said it of my heart, you seemed to take so pitifully to him; but I don't know now, I don't know!"

Louisa could not reproach her for her unjust suspicions; she was so faithful to her idea of the man, and so afflicted.

"And when I think," said Rachael through her sobs, "that the poor lad was so grateful, thinkin you so good to him—when I mind that he put his hand over his hard-worken face to hide the tears that you brought up there—oh, I hope you may be sorry, and ha' no bad cause to be it; but I don't know, I don't know!"

"You're a pretty article," growled the whelp, moving uneasily in his dark corner, "to come here with these precious imputations! You ought to be bundled out for not knowing how to behave yourself, and you would be by rights."

She said nothing in reply; and her low weeping was the only sound that was heard, until Mr. Bounderby spoke.

"Come!" said he, "you know what you have engaged to do. You had better give your mind to that; not this."

"Deed, I am loath," returned Rachael, dry-

ing her eyes, "that any here should see me like this: but I won't be seen so again. Young lady, when I had read what's put in print of Stephen—and what has just as much truth in it as if it had been put in print of you—I went straight to the Bank to say I knew where Stephen was, and to give a sure and certain promise that he should be here in two days. I couldn't meet wi' Mr. Bounderby then, and your brother sent me away, and I tried to find you, but you was not to be found, and I went back to work. Soon as I come out of the Mill to-night, I hastened to hear what was said of Stephen—for I know wi' pride he will come back to shame it!—and then I went again to seek Mr. Bounderby, and I found him, and I told him every word I knew; and he believed no word I said, and brought me here."

"So far, that's true enough," assented Mr. Bounderby, with his hands in his pockets and his hat on. "But I have known you people before to-day, you'll observe, and I know you never die for want of talking. Now, I recommend you not so much to mind talking just now, as doing. You have undertaken to do something; all I remark upon that at present is, do it!"

"I have written to Stephen by the post that went out this afternoon, as I have written to him once before sin' he went away," said Rachael; "and he will be here, at furthest, in two days."

"Then I'll tell you something. You are not aware, perhaps," retorted Mr. Bounderby, "that you yourself have been looked after now and then, not being considered quite free from suspicion in this business, on account of most people being judged according to the company they keep. The post-office hasn't been forgotten either. What I'll tell you is, that no letter to Stephen Blackpool has ever got into it. Therefore, what has become of yours, I leave you to guess. Perhaps you're mistaken, and never wrote any."

"He hadn't been gone from here, young lady," said Rachael, turning appealingly to Louisa, "as much as a week, when he sent me the only letter I have had from him, saying that he was forced to seek work in another name."

"Oh, by George!" cried Bounderby, shaking his head, with a whistle, "he changes his name, does he! That's rather unlucky, too,

for such an immaculate chap. It's considered a little suspicious in Courts of Justice, I believe when an Innocent happens to have many names."

"What," said Rachael, with tears in her eyes again, "what, young lady, in the name of Mercy, was left the poor lad to do! The masters against him on one hand, the men against him on the other, he only wantin to work hard in peace, and do what he felt right. Can a man have no soul of his own, no mind of his own? Must he go wrong all through wi' this side, or must he go wrong all through wi' that, or else be hunted like a hare?"

"Indeed, indeed, I pity him from my heart," returned Louisa; "and I hope that he will clear himself."

"You need have no fear of that, young lady. He is sure!"

"All the surer, I suppose," said Mr. Bounderby, "for your refusing to tell where he is? Eh?"

"He shall not, through any act of mine, come back wi' the unmerited reproach of being brought back. He shall come back of his own accord to clear himself, and put all those that have injured his good character, and he not here for its defence, to shame. I have told him what has been done against him," said Rachael, throwing off all distrust as a rock throws off the sea, "and he will be here, at furthest, in two days."

"Notwithstanding which," added Mr. Bounderby, "if he can be laid hold of any sooner he shall have an earlier opportunity of clearing himself. As to you, I have nothing against you; what you came and told me turns out to be true, and I have given you the means of proving it to be true, and there's an end of it. I wish you Good night all! I must be off to look a little further into this."

Tom came out of his corner when Mr. Bounderby moved, moved with him, kept close to him, and went away with him. The only parting salutation of which he delivered himself was a sulky "Good night, father!" With that brief speech, and a scowl at his sister, he left the house.

Since his sheet-anchor had come home, Mr. Gradgrind had been sparing of speech. He still sat silent, when Louisa mildly said:

"Rachael, you will not distrust me one day, when you know me better."

"It goes against me," Rachael answered, in a gentle manner, "to mistrust any one; but when I am so mistrusted—when we all are—I cannot keep such things quite out of my mind. I ask your pardon for having done you an injury. I don't think what I said, now. Yet I might come to think it again, wi' the poor lad so wronged."

"Did you tell him in your letter," inquired Sissy, "that suspicion seemed to have fallen upon him, because he had been seen about the Bank at night? He would then know what he would have to explain on coming back, and would be ready."

"Yes, dear," she returned; "but I can't guess what can have ever taken him there. He never used to go there. It was never in his way. His way was the same as mine, and not near it."

Sissy had already been at her side asking her where she lived, and whether she might come to-morrow night, to inquire if there were news of him.

"I doubt," said Rachael, "if he can be here till the next day."

"Then I will come next night, too," said Sissy.

When Rachael, assenting to this, was gone, Mr. Gradgrind lifted up his head, and said to his daughter:

"Louisa, my dear, I have never, that I know of, seen this man. Do you believe him to be implicated?"

"I think I have believed it, father, though with great difficulty. I do not believe it now."

"That is to say, you once persuaded yourself to believe it, from knowing him to be suspected. His appearance and manner; are they so honest?"

"Very honest."

"And her confidence not to be shaken! I ask myself," said Mr. Gradgrind, musing; "does the real culprit know of these accusations? Where is he? Who is he?"

His hair had lately begun to change its color. As he leaned upon his hand again, looking gray and old, Louisa, with a face of fear and pity, hurriedly went over to him, and sat close at his side. Her eyes by accident met Sissy's at the moment. Sissy flushed and started, and Louisa put her finger on her lip.

Next night, when Sissy returned home and told Louisa that Stephen was not come, she

told it in a whisper. Next night again, when she came home with the same account, and added that he had not been heard of, she spoke in the same low frightened tone. From the moment of that interchange of looks, they never uttered his name, or any reference to him, aloud; nor ever pursued the subject of the robbery, when Mr. Gradgrind spoke of it.

The two appointed days ran out, three days and nights ran out, and Stephen Blackpool was not come, and remained unheard of. On the fourth day, Rachael, with unabated confidence, but considering her despatch to have miscarried, went up to the Bank, and showed her letter from him with his address, at a working colony, one of many, not upon the main road, sixty miles away. Messengers were sent to that place, and the whole town looked for Stephen to be brought in next day.

During this whole time the whelp moved about with Mr. Bounderby like his shadow, assisting in all the proceedings. He was greatly excited, horribly fevered, bit his nails down to the quick, spoke in a hard rattling voice, and with lips that were black and burnt up. At the hour when the suspected man was looked for, the whelp was at the station; offering to wager that he had made off before the arrival of those who were sent in quest of him, and that he would not appear.

The whelp was right. The messengers returned alone. Rachael's letter had gone, Rachael's letter had been delivered, Stephen Blackpool had decamped in that same hour; and no soul knew more of him. The only doubt in Coketown was, whether Rachael had written in good faith, believing that he really would come back, or warning him to fly. On this point opinion was divided.

Six days, seven days, far on into another week. The wretched whelp plucked up a ghastly courage, and began to grow defiant. "Was the suspected fellow the thief? A pretty question! If not, where was the man, and why did he not come back?"

Where was the man, and why did he not come back? In the dead of night the echoes of his own words, which had rolled Heaven knows how far away in the daytime, came back instead, and abided by him until morning.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Day and night again, day and night again. No Stephen Blackpool. Where was the man, and why did he not come back?

Every night, Sissy went to Rachael's lodging, and sat with her in her small neat room. All day, Rachael toiled as such people must toil, whatever their anxieties. The smoke-serpents were indifferent who was lost or found, who turned out bad or good; the melancholy mad elephants, like the Hard Fact men, abated nothing of their set routine, whatever happened. Day and night again, day and night again. The monotony was unbroken. Even Stephen Blackpool's disappearance was falling into the general way, and becoming as monotonous a wonder as any piece of machinery in Coketown.

"I misdoubt," said Rachael, "if there is as many as twenty left in all this place, who have any trust in the poor dear lad now."

She said it to Sissy as they sat in her lodging, lighted only by the lamp at the street corner. Sissy had come there when it was already dark, to await her return from work: and they had since sat at the window where Rachael had found her, wanting no brighter light to shine on their sorrowful talk.

"If it hadn't been mercifully brought about that I was to have you to speak to," pursued Rachael, "times are when I think my mind would not have kept right. But I get hope and strength through you; and you believe that though appearances may rise against him, he will be proved clear."

"I do believe so," returned Sissy, "with my whole heart. I feel so certain, Rachael, that the confidence you hold in yours against all discouragement, is not like to be wrong, that I have no more doubt of him than if I had known him through as many years of trial as you have."

"And I, my dear," said Rachael, with a tremble in her voice, "have known him through them all, to be, according to his quiet ways, so faithful to everything honest and good, that if he was never to be heard of more, and I was to live to be a hundred years old, I could say with my last breath, God knows my heart, I have never once left trusting Stephen Blackpool!"

"We all believe, up at the Lodge, Rachael,

that he will be freed from suspicion, sooner or later."

"The better I know it to be so believed there, my dear," said Rachael, "and the kinder I feel it that you come away from there, purposely to comfort me, and keep me company, and be seen wi' me when I am not yet free from all suspicion myself, the more grieved I am that I should ever have spoken those mistrusting words to the young lady. And yet——"

"You don't mistrust her now, Rachael?"

"Now that you have brought us more together, no. But I can't at all times keep out of my mind——"

Her voice so sunk into a low and slow communing with herself, that Sissy, sitting by her side, was obliged to listen with attention.

"I can't at all times keep out of my mind, mistrustings of some one. I can't think who 'tis, I can't think how or why it may be done, but I mistrust that some one has put Stephen out of the way. I mistrust that by his coming back of his own accord, and showing himself innocent before them all, some one would be confounded, who—to prevent that—has stopped him, and put him out of the way."

"That is a dreadful thought," said Sissy, turning pale.

"It is a dreadful thought to think he may be murdered."

Sissy shuddered, and turned paler yet.

"When it makes its way into my mind, dear," said Rachael, "and it will come sometimes, though I do all I can to keep it out, wi' counting on to high numbers as I work, and saying over and over again pieces that I knew when I were a child—I fall into such a wild, hot hurry, that, however tired I am, I want to walk fast, miles and miles. I must get the better of this before bed-time. I'll walk home wi' you."

"He might fall ill upon the journey back," said Sissy, faintly offering a worn-out scrap of hope; "and in such a case, there are many places on the road where he might stop."

"But he is in none of them. He has been sought for in all, and he's not there."

"True," was Sissy's reluctant admission.

"He'd walk the journey in two days. If he was footsore and couldn't walk, I sent him, in the letter he got, the money to ride, lest he should have none of his own to spare."

"Let us hope that to-morrow will bring something better, Rachael. Come into the air!"

Her gentle hand adjusted Rachael's shawl upon her shining black hair in the usual manner of her wearing it, and they went out. The night being fine, little knots of Hands were here and there lingering at street corners; but it was supper-time with the greater part of them, and there were but few people in the streets.

"You are not so hurried now, Rachael, and your hand is cooler."

"I get better dear, if I can only walk, and breathe a little fresh air. 'Times when I can't, I turn weak and confused."

"But you must not begin to fail, Rachael, for you may be wanted at any time to stand by Stephen. To-morrow is Saturday. If no news comes to-morrow, let us walk in the country on Sunday morning, and strengthen you for another week. Will you go?"

"Yes, dear."

They were by this time in the street where Mr. Bounderby's house stood. The way to Sissy's destination led them past the door, and they were going straight towards it. Some train had newly arrived in Coketown, which had put a number of vehicles in motion, and scattered a considered bustle about the town. Several coaches were rattling before them and behind them as they approached Mr. Bounderby's, and one of the latter drew up with such briskness as they were in the act of passing the house, that they looked round involuntarily. The bright gas light over Mr. Bounderby's steps showed them Mrs. Sparsit in the coach, in an ecstasy of excitement, struggling to open the door; Mrs. Sparsit seeing them at the same moment, called to them to stop.

"It's a coincidence," exclaimed Mrs. Sparsit, as she was released by the coachman. "It's a Providence! Come out, ma'am!" then said Mrs. Sparsit, to some one inside, "come out, or we'll have you dragged out!"

Hereupon, no other than the mysterious old woman descended, whom Mrs. Sparsit incontinently collared.

"Leave her alone, everybody!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, with great energy. "Let nobody touch her. She belongs to me. Come in, ma'am!" then said Mrs. Sparsit, reversing her former word of command. "Come in, ma'am, or we'll have you dragged in!"

The spectacle of a matron of classical deportment, seizing an ancient woman by the throat, and hauling her into a dwelling-house, would have been, under any circumstances, sufficient temptation to all true English stragglers so blest as to witness it, to force a way into that dwelling-house and see the matter out. But when the phenomenon was enhanced by the notoriety and mystery by this time associated all over the town, with the Bank robbery, it would have lured the stragglers in, with an irresistible attraction, though the roof had been expected to fall upon their heads. Accordingly, the chance witnesses on the ground, consisting of the busiest of the neighbors to the number of some five-and-twenty, closed in after Sissy and Rachael, as they closed in after Mrs. Sparsit and her prize; and the whole body made a disorderly irruption into Mr. Bounderby's dining room, where the people behind lost not a moment's time in mounting on the chairs, to get the better of the people in front.

"Fetch Mr. Bounderby down!" cried Mrs. Sparsit. "Rachael, young woman; you know who this is!"

"It's Mrs. Pegler," said Rachael.

"I should think it is!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, exulting. "Fetch Mr. Bounderby. Stand away, everybody!"

Here old Mrs. Pegler, muffling herself up, and shrinking from observation, whispered a word of entreaty.

"Don't tell me," said Mrs. Sparsit, aloud, "I have told you twenty times, coming along, that I will not leave you till I have handed you over to him myself."

Mr. Bounderby now appeared, accompanied by Mr. Gradgrind and the whelp, with whom he had been holding conference up stairs. Mr. Bounderby looked more astonished than hospitable, at sight of this uninvited party in his dining-room.

"Why, what's the matter now!" said he. "Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am?"

"Sir," explained that worthy woman, "I trust it is my good fortune to produce a person you have much desired to find. Stimulated by my wish to relieve your mind, sir, and connecting together such imperfect clues to the part of the country in which that person might be supposed to reside, as have been afforded by the young woman Rachael, fortunately now

present to identify, I have had the happiness to succeed, and to bring that person with me—I need not say most unwillingly on her part. It has not been, sir, without some trouble that I have effected this; but trouble in your service is to me a pleasure, and hunger, thirst, and cold, a real gratification."

Here Mrs. Sparsit ceased; for Mr. Bounderby's visage exhibited an extraordinary combination of all possible colors and expressions of discomfiture, as old Mrs. Pegler was disclosed to his view.

"Why, what do you mean by this!" was his highly unexpected demand, in great wrath. "I ask you, what do you mean by this, Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparsit, faintly.

"Why don't you mind your own business, ma'am?" roared Bounderby. "How dare you go and poke your officious nose into my family affairs?"

This allusion to her favorite feature overpowered Mrs. Sparsit. She sat down stiffly in a chair, as if she were frozen; and, with a fixed stare at Mr. Bounderby, slowly grated her mitens against one another, as if they were frozen too.

"My dear Josiah!" cried Mrs. Pegler, trembling. "My darling boy! I am not to blame. It's not my fault, Josiah. I told this lady over and over again, that I knew she was doing what would not be agreeable to you, but she would do it."

"What did you let her bring you for? Couldn't you knock her cap off, or her tooth out, or scratch her, or do something or other to her?" asked Bounderby.

"My own boy! She threatened me that if I resisted her, I should be brought by constables, and it was better to come quietly than make that stir in such a——" Mrs. Pegler glanced timidly but proudly round the walls—"such a fine house as this. Indeed, indeed, it is not my fault! My dear, noble, stately boy! I have always lived quiet and secret, Josiah, my dear. I have never broken the condition once. I have never said I was your mother. I have admired you at a distance; and if I have come to town sometimes, with long times between, to take a proud peep at you, I have done it unbeknown, my love, and gone away again."

Mr. Bounderby, with his hands in his pockets, walked in impatient mortification up and

down at the side of the long dining-table, while the spectators greedily took in every syllable of Mrs. Pegler's appeal, and at each succeeding syllable became more and more round-eyed. Mr. Bounderby still walking up and down when Mrs. Pegler had done, Mr. Gradgrind addressed that maligned old lady:

"I am surprised, madam," he observed with severity, "that in your old age you have the face to claim Mr. Bounderby for your son, after your unnatural and inhuman treatment of him."

"Me unnatural!" cried poor old Mrs. Pegler. "Me inhuman! To my dear boy?"

"Dear!" repeated Mr. Gradgrind. "Yes; dear in his self made prosperity, madam, I dare say. Not very dear, however, when you deserted him in his infancy, and left him to the brutality of a drunken grandmother."

"I deserted my Josiah!" cried Mrs. Pegler, clasping her hands. "Now, Lord forgive you, sir, for your wicked imaginations, and for your scandal against the memory of my poor mother, who died in my arms before Josiah was born. May you repent of it, sir, and live to know better!"

She was so very earnest and injured, that Mr. Gradgrind, shocked by the possibility which dawned upon him, said in a gentler tone,

"Do you deny, then, madam, that you left your son to—to be brought up in the gutter?"

"Josiah in the gutter!" exclaimed Mrs. Pegler. "No such a thing, sir. Never! For shame on you! My dear boy knows, and will give you to know, that though he come of humble parents, he come of parents that loved him as dear as the best could, and never thought it hardship on themselves to pinch a bit that he might write and cypher beautiful, and I've his books at home to show it! Aye, have I!" said Mrs. Pegler, with indignant pride. "And my dear boy knows, and will give you to know, sir, that after his beloved father died when he was eight year old, his mother, too, could pinch a bit, as it was her duty and her pleasure and her pride to do it, to help him out in life, and put him 'prentice. And a steady lad he was, and a kind master he had to lend him a hand, and well he worked his own way forward to be rich and

thriving. And I'll give you to know, sir—for this my dear boy won't—that though his mother kept but a little village shop, he never forgot her, but pensioned me on thirty pound a-year—more than I want, for I put by out of it—only making the condition that I was to keep down in my own part, and make no boasts about him, and not trouble him. And I never have, except with looking at him once a year, when he has never knowned it. And it's right," said poor old Mrs. Pegler, in affectionate championship, "that I *should* keep down in my own part, and I have no doubts that if I was here I should do a many unfitting things, and I am well contented, and I can keep my pride in my Josiah to myself, and I can love for love's own sake! And I am ashamed of you, sir," said Mrs. Pegler, lastly, "for your slanders and suspicions. And I never stood here before, nor never wanted to stand here when my dear son said no. And I shouldn't be here now, if it hadn't been for being brought here. And for shame upon you, oh! for shame, to accuse me of being a bad mother to my son, with my son standing here to tell you so different!"

The bystanders, on and off the dining-room chairs, raised a murmur of sympathy with Mrs. Pegler; and Mr. Gradgrind felt himself innocently placed in a very distressing predicament, when Mr. Bounderby, who had never ceased walking up and down, and had every moment swelled larger and larger, and grown redder and redder, stopped short.

"I don't exactly know," said Mr. Bounderby, "how I come to be favored with the attendance of the present company, but I don't inquire. When they're quite satisfied, perhaps they'll be so good as to disperse; whether they're satisfied or not, perhaps they'll be so good as to disperse. I'm not bound to deliver a lecture on my family affairs; I have not undertaken to do it, and I'm not a going to do it. Therefore, those who expect any explanation whatever upon that branch of the subject, will be disappointed—particularly Tom Gradgrind, and he can't know it too soon. In reference to the Bank robbery, there has been a mistake made concerning my mother. If there hadn't been over-officiousness it wouldn't have been made, and I hate over-officiousness at all times, whether or no. Good evening!"

Although Mr. Bounderby carried it off in

these terms, holding the door open for the company to depart, there was a blustering sheepishness upon him, at once extremely crest-fallen and superlatively absurd. Detected as the Bully of humility, who had built his windy reputation upon lies, and in his boastfulness had put the honest truth as far away from him as if he had advanced the mean claim (there is no meaner) to tack himself on to a pedigree, he cut a most ridiculous figure. With the people fling off at the door he held, who he knew would carry what had passed to the whole town, to be given to the four winds, he could not have looked a Bully more shorn and forlorn, if he had had his ears cropped. Even that unlucky female, Mrs. Sparsit, fallen from her pinnacle of exultation into the Slough of Despond, was not in so bad a plight as that remarkable man and self-made Humbug, Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown.

Rachael and Sissy, leaving Mrs. Pegler to occupy a bed at her son's, for that night, walked together to the gate of Stone Lodge, and there parted. Mr. Gradgrind joined them before they had gone very far, and spoke with much interest of Stephen Blackpool; for whom he thought this signal failure of the suspicions against Mrs. Pegler was likely to work well.

As to the whelp. Throughout this scene, as on all other late occasions, he had stuck close to Bounderby. He seemed to feel that as long as Bounderby could make no discovery without his knowledge, he was so far safe. He never visited his sister, and had only seen her once since she went home: that is to say, on the night when he still stuck close to Bounderby, as already related.

There was one dim unformed fear lingering about his sister's mind, to which she never gave utterance, which surrounded the graceless and ungrateful boy with a dreadful mystery. The same dark possibility had presented itself in the same shapeless guise, this very day, to Sissy, when Rachael spoke of some one who would be confounded by Stephen's return, having put him out of the way. Louisa had never spoken of harboring any suspicion of her brother, in connexion with the robbery; she and Sissy had held no confidence on the subject, save in that one interchange of looks when the unconscious father rested his gray head on his hand; but it was understood be-

tween them, and they both knew it. This other fear was so awful, that it hovered about each of them like a ghostly shadow; neither daring to think of its being near herself, far less of its being near the other.

And still the forced spirit which the whelp had plucked up, threw with him. If Stephen Blackpool was not the thief, let him show himself. Why didn't he?

Another night. Another day and night. No Stephen Blackpool. Where was the man, and why did he not come back?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Sunday was a bright Sunday in autumn, clear and cool, when, early in the morning, Sissy and Rachael met, to walk in the country.

As Coketown cast ashes not only on its own head, but on the neighborhood's, too—after the manner of those pious persons who do penance for their own sins by putting other people into sackcloth—it was customary for those who now and then thirsted for a draught of pure air, which is not absolutely the most wicked among the vanities of life, to get a few miles away by the railroad, and then begin their walk, or their lounge in the fields. Sissy and Rachael helped themselves out of the smoke by the usual means, and were put down at a station about midway between the town and Mr. Bounderby's retreat.

Though the green landscape was blotted here and there with heaps of coal, it was green elsewhere, and there were trees to see, and there were larks singing (though it was Sunday), and there were pleasant scents in the air, and all was overarched by a bright blue sky. In the distance one way, Coketown showed as a black mist; in another distance, hills began to rise; in a third, there was a faint change in the light of the horizon, where it shone upon the far-off sea. Under their feet, the grass was fresh; beautiful shadows of branches flickered upon it, and speckled it; hedgerows were luxuriant; everything was at peace. Engines at pits' mouths, and lean old horses that had worn the circle of their daily labor into the ground, were alike quiet; wheels had ceased for a short space to turn; and the great wheel of earth seemed to revolve without the shocks and noises of another time.

They walked on, across the fields and down

the shady lanes, sometimes getting over a fragment of a fence so rotten that it dropped at a touch of the foot, sometimes passing near a wreck of bricks and beams overgrown with grass, marking the site of deserted works. They followed paths and tracks, however slight. Mounds where the grass was rank and high, and where brambles, dockweed, and such-like vegetation, were confusedly heaped together, they always avoided; for dismal stories were told in that country of the old pits hidden beneath such indications.

The sun was high when they sat down to rest. They had seen no one, near or distant, for a long time; and the solitude remained unbroken.

"It is so still here, Rachael, and the way is so untrodden, that I think we must be the first who have been here all the summer."

As Sissy said it, her eyes were attracted by another of those rotten fragments of fence upon the ground. She got up to look at it.

"And yet I don't know. This has not been broken very long. The wood is quite fresh where it gave way. Here are footsteps, too. Oh! Rachael!"

She ran back, and caught her round the neck. Rachael had already started up.

"What is the matter?"

"I don't know. There is a hat lying in the grass."

They went forward together. Rachael took it up, shaking from head to foot. She broke into a passion of tears and lamentations. Stephen Blackpool was written in his own hand on the inside.

"Oh! the poor lad, the poor lad! He has been made away with. He is lying murdered here!"

"Is there—has the hat any blood upon it?" Sissy faltered.

They were afraid to look; but they did examine it, and found no mark of violence, inside or out. It had been lying there some days, for rain and dew had stained it, and the mark of its shape was on the grass where it had fallen. They looked fearfully about them, without moving, but could see nothing more.

"Rachael," Sissy whispered, "I will go on a little by myself."

She had unclasped her hand, and was in the act of stepping forward, when Rachael caught her in both arms with a scream that re-

sounded over the wide landscape. Before them, at their very feet, was the brink of a black, ragged chasm, hidden by the thick grass. They sprang back, and fell upon their knees, each hiding her face upon the other's neck.

"Oh! my good God! He's down there! Down there!"

At first, this, and her terrific screams, were all that could be got from Rachael, by any tears, by any prayers, by any representations, by any means. It was impossible to hush her; and it was deadly necessary to hold her, or she would have flung herself down the shaft.

"Rachael, dear Rachael, good Rachael, for the love of Heaven, not these dreadful cries! Think of Stephen, think of Stephen, think of Stephen!"

By an earnest repetition of this entreaty, poured out in all the agony of such a moment, Sissy at last brought her to be silent, and to look at her with a tearless face of stone.

"Rachael, Stephen may be living. You wouldn't leave him lying maimed at the bottom of this dreadful place, a moment, if you could bring help to him?"

"No, no, no!"

"Don't stir from here, for his sake! Let me go and listen."

She shuddered to approach the pit; but she crept towards it on her hands and knees, and called to him as loud as she could call. She listened, but no sound replied. She called again and listened; still no answering sound. She did this, twenty, thirty, times. She took a clod of earth from the broken ground where he had stumbled, and threw it in. She could not hear it fall.

The wide prospect, so beautiful in its stillness, but a few minutes ago, almost carried despair to her brave heart, as she rose and looked all round her, seeing no help.

"Rachael, we must lose not a moment. We must go in different directions, seeking aid. You shall go by the way we have come, and I will go forward by the path. Tell any one you see, and every one, what has happened. Think of Stephen, think of Stephen!"

She knew by Rachael's face that she might trust her now. After standing for a moment to see her running, wringing her hands as she ran, she turned and went upon her own search. She stopped at the hedge to tie her

shawl there as a guide to the place, then threw her bonnet aside, and ran as she had never run before.

"Run, Sissy, run, in Heaven's name! Don't stop for breath. Run, run!"

Quickening herself by carrying such entreaties in her thoughts, she ran from field to field, and lane to lane, and place to place, as she had never run before, until she came to a shed by an engine-house, where two men lay in the shade, asleep on straw.

First to wake them, and next to tell them, all so wild and breathless as she was, what had brought her there, were difficulties; but they no sooner understood her than their spirits were on fire like hers. One of the men was in a drunken slumber, but on his comrade's shouting to him that a man had fallen down the Old Hell Shaft, he started out to a pool of dirty water, put his head in it, and came back sober.

With these two men she ran to another half a-mile further, and with that one to another, while they ran elsewhere. Then a horse was found; and she got another man to ride for life or death to the railroad, and send a message to Louisa, which she wrote and gave him. By this time a whole village was up; and windlasses, ropes, poles, buckets, candles, lanterns, all things necessary, were fast collecting and being brought into one place, to be carried to the Old Hell Shaft.

It seemed now hours and hours since she had left the lost man lying in the grave where he had been buried alive. She could not bear to remain away from it any longer—it was like deserting him—and she hurried swiftly back, accompanied by half-a-dozen laborers, including the drunken man whom the news had sobered, and who was the best man of all. When they came to the Old Hell Shaft, they found it as lonely as she had left it. The men called and listened as she had done, and examined the edge of the chasm, and settled how it had happened, and then sat down to wait until the implements they wanted should come up.

Every sound of insects in the air, every stirring of the leaves, every whisper among these men, made Sissy tremble, for she thought it was a cry at the bottom of the pit. But the wind blew idly over it, and no sound arose to the surface, and they sat upon the grass,

waiting and waiting. After they had waited some time, straggling people who had heard of the accident began to come up; then the real help of implements began to arrive. In the midst of this, Rachael returned; and with her party there was a surgeon, who brought some wine and medicines. But the expectation among the people that the man would be found alive, was very slight indeed.

There being now people enough present, to impede the work, the sobered man put himself at the head of the rest, or was put there by the general consent, and made a large ring round the Old Hell Shaft, and appointed men to keep it. Besides such volunteers as were accepted to work, only Sissy and Rachael were at first permitted within this ring; but later in the day, when the message brought an express from Coketown, Mr. Gradgrind and Louisa, and Mr. Bounderby and the whelp, were also there.

The sun was four hours lower than when Sissy and Rachael had first sat down upon the grass, before a means of enabling two men to descend securely was rigged with poles and ropes. Difficulties had arisen in the construction of this machine, simple as it was; requisites had been found wanting, and messages had to go and return. It was five o'clock in the afternoon of the bright autumnal Sunday, before a candle was sent down to try the air, while three or four rough faces stood crowded close together, attentively watching it; the men at the windlass lowering as they were told. The candle was brought up again, feebly burning, and then some water was cast in. Then the bucket was hooked on; and the sobered man and another got in with lights, giving the word "Lower away!"

As the rope went out, tight and strained, and the windlass creaked, there was not a breath among the one or two hundred men and women looking on, that came as it was wont to come. The signal was given and the windlass stopped, with abundant rope to spare. Apparently so long an interval ensued with the men at the windlass standing idle, that some women shrieked that another accident had happened! But the surgeon who held the watch, declared five minutes not to have elapsed yet, and sternly admonished them to keep silence. He had not well done speaking, when the windlass was reversed and worked again.

Practised eyes knew that it did not go as heavily as if it would if both workmen had been coming up, and that only one was returning.

The rope came in tight and strained; and ring after ring was coiled upon the barrel of the windlass, and all eyes were fastened upon the pit. The sobered man was brought up, and leaped out briskly on the grass. There was an universal cry of "Alive or dead?" and then, a deep, profound hush.

When he said "Alive!" a great shout arose, and many eyes had tears in them.

"But he's hurt very bad," he added, as soon as he could make himself heard again. "Where's doctor? He's hurt so very bad, sir, that we donno how to get him up."

They all consulted together, and looked anxiously at the surgeon as he asked some questions, and shook his head on receiving the replies. The sun was setting now: and the red light in the evening sky touched every face there, and caused it to be distinctly seen in all its wrapt suspense.

The consultation ended in the men returning to the windlass, and the pitman going down again, carrying the wine and some other small matters with him. Then the other man came up. In the meantime, under the surgeon's directions, some men brought a hurdle, on which others made a thick bed of spare clothes covered with loose straw, while he himself contrived some bandages and slings from shawls and handkerchiefs. As these were made they were hung upon an arm of the pitman who had last come up, with instructions how to use them; and as he stood, shown by the light he carried, leaning his powerful loose hand upon one of the poles, and sometimes glancing down the pit, and sometimes glancing round upon the people, he was not the least conspicuous figure in the scene. It was dark now, and torches were kindled.

It appeared from the little this man said to those about him, which was quickly repeated all over the circle, that the lost man had fallen upon a mass of crumbled rubbish with which the pit was half choked up, and that his fall had been further broken by some jagged earth at the side. He lay upon his back, with one arm doubled under him, and according to his own belief had hardly stirred since he fell, except that he had moved his free hand to a side

pocket, in which he remembered to have some bread and meat (of which he had swallowed crumbs), and had likewise scooped up a little water in it now and then. He had come straight away from his work, on being written to, and had walked the whole journey; and was on his way to Mr. Bunderby's country-house after dark, when he fell. He was crossing that dangerous country at such a dangerous time, because he was innocent of what was laid to his charge, and couldn't rest from coming the nearest way to deliver himself up. The Old Hell Shaft, the pitman said, with a curse upon it, was worthy of its bad name to the last; for though Stephen could speak now, he believed it would soon be found to have mangled the life out of him.

When all was ready, this man, still taking his last hurried charges from his comrades and the surgeon after the windlass had begun to lower him, disappeared into the pit. The rope went out as before, the signal was made as before, and the windlass stopped. No man removed his hand from it now. Every one waited with his grasp set, and his body bent down to the work, ready to reverse and wind in. At length the signal was given, and all the ring leaned forward.

For, now the rope came in, tightened and strained to its utmost as it appeared, and the men turned heavily, and the windlass complained. It was scarcely endurable to look at the rope, and think of its giving way. But ring after ring was coiled upon the barrel of the windlass safely, and the connecting chains appeared, and finally the bucket with the two men holding on at the sides—a sight to make the head swim, and oppress the heart—and tenderly supporting between them, slung and tied within, the figure of a poor, crushed, human creature.

A low murmur of pity went round the throng, and the women wept aloud, as this form, almost without form, was moved very slowly from its iron deliverance, and laid upon the bed of straw. At first none but the surgeon went close to it. He did what he could in its adjustment on the couch, but the best that he could do was to cover it. That gently done, he called to him Rachael and Sissy. And at that time the pale, worn, patient face, was seen looking up at the sky, with the broken right hand lying bare on the outside of

the covering garments, as if waiting to be taken by another hand.

They gave him drink, moistened his face with water, and administered some drops of cordial and wine. Though he lay quite motionless looking up at the sky, he smiled and said, "Rachael."

She stooped down on the grass at his side, and bent over him until her eyes were between him and the sky, for he could not so much as turn them to look at her.

"Rachael, my dear."

She took his hand. He smiled again and said, "Don't let 't go."

"Thou'rt in great pain, my own dear Stephen?"

"I ha' been, but not now. I ha' been—dreadful, and dree, and long, my dear—but 'tis ower now. Ah, Rachael, aw a muddle! Fro' first to last, a muddle!"

The spectre of his old look seemed to pass as he said the word.

"I ha' fell into th' pit, my dear, as have cost wi' in the knowledge o' old folk now livin hundreds and hundreds o' men's lives—fathers, sons, brothers, dear to thousands an thousands, an keepin 'em fro want and hunger. I ha' fell into a pit that ha' been wi' th' fire-damp crueller than battle. I ha' read on't in the public petition, as onny one may read, fro' the men that works in pits, in which they ha' pray'n and pray'n the law-makers for Christ's sake not to let their work be murder to 'em, but to spare 'em for th' wives and children that they loves as well as gentlefolk loves theirs. When it were in work, it killed wi'out need: when 'tis let alone, it kills wi'out need. See how we die, an no need, one way an another—in a muddle—every day!"

He faintly said it, without any anger against any one. Merely as the truth.

"Thy little sister, Rachael, thou hast not forgot her. Thou'rt not like to forget her now, and me so nigh her. Thou know'st—poor, patient, suffrin dear—how thou did'st work for her, seet'n all day long in her little chair at thy winder, and she died, young and misshapen, awlung o' sickly air as had'n no need to be, an awlung o' working people's miserable homes. A muddle! Aw a muddle!"

Louisa approached him; but he could not see her, lying with his face turned up to the night sky.

"If aw th' things that tooches us, my dear, was not so muddled, I should'n ha had'n need to coom heer. If we was not in a muddle among ourseln, I shouldn ha' been by my own fellow-weavers and workin brothers, so mistook. If Mr. Bounderby had ever knowd me right—if he'd ever know'd me at aw—he would'n na' took'n offence wi' me. He would'n ha' suspect'n' me. But look up yonder, Rachael! Look abooove!"

Following his eyes, she saw that he was gazing at a star.

"It ha' shined upon me," he said reverently, "in my pain and trouble down below. It ha' shined into my mind. I ha' look at 't an thowt o' thee, Rachel, till the muddle in my mind have cleared awa' above a bit, I hope. If soom ha' been wantin in unnerstanin me better, I, too, ha' been wantin' in unnerstanin thee better. When I got thy letter, I easily be-lieven that what the young lady sen an done to me, an what her brother sen an done to me was one, an that there were a wicked plot betwixt 'em. When I fell, I were in anger wi' her, an burryin on t' be as onjust to her as others was t' me. But in our judgments, like as in our doins, we mun bear and forbear. In my pain an trouble lookin up yonder,—wi' it shinin on me—I ha' seen more clear, and ha' made it my dyin prayer that aw th' world may on'y come together more, and get a better unnerstanin o' one another, than when I were in 't my own weak seln."

Louisa hearing what he said, bent over him on the opposite side to Rachael, so that he could see her.

"You ha' heard?" he said after a few moments' silence. "I ha' not forgot yo, ledy."

"Yes, Stephen, I have heard you. And your prayer is mine."

"You ha' a father. Will yo tak a message to him?"

"He is here," said Louisa, with dread.

"Shall I bring him to you?"

"If yo please."

Louisa returned with her father. Standing hand-in-hand, they both looked down upon the solemn countenance.

"Sir, yo will clear me an mak my name good wi' aw men. This I leave to yo."

Mr. Gradgrind was troubled and asked how?

"Sir," was the reply; "yor son will tell yo

how. Ask him. I mak no charges; I leave none ahint me: not a single word. I ha' seen an spok'n wi' yor son, one night. I ask no more o' yo than that yo clear me—an I trust to yo to do't."

The bearers being now ready to carry him away, and the surgeon being anxious for his removal, those who had torches or lanterns, prepared to go in front of the litter. Before it was raised, and while they were arranging how to go, he said to Rachael, looking upward at the star:

"Often as I coom to myseln, and found it shinin on me down there in my trouble, I thowt it were the star as guided to Our Saviour's home. I awmust think it be the very star!"

They lifted him up, and he was overjoyed to find that they were about to take him in the direction whither the star seemed to him to lead.

"Rachael, beloved lass! Don't let go my hand. We may walk together t'-night, my dear!"

"I will hold thy hand, and keep beside thee, Stephen, all the way."

"Bless thee! Will soombody be pleased to coover my face?"

They carried him very gently along the fields, and down the lanes, and over the wide landscape; Rachael always holding the hand in hers. Very few whispers broke the mournful silence. It was soon a funeral procession. The star had shown him where to find the God of the poor; and through humility, and sorrow, and forgiveness, he had gone to his Redeemer's rest.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Before the ring formed round the Old Hell Shaft was broken, one figure had disappeared from within it. Mr. Bounderby and his shadow had not stood near Louisa, who held her father's arm, but in a retired place by themselves. When Mr. Gradgrind was summoned to the couch, Sissy, attentive to all that happened, slipped behind that wicked shadow—a sight in the horror of his face, if there had been eyes there for any sight but one—and whispered in his ear. Without turning his head, he conferred with her a few moments, and vanished. Thus the whelp had gone out of the circle before the people moved.

When the father reached home he sent a message to Mr. Bounderby's, desiring his son to come to him directly. The reply was, that Mr. Bounderby having missed him in the crowd, and seen nothing of him since, had supposed him to be at Stone Lodge.

"I believe, father," said Louisa, "he will not come back to town to-night." Mr. Gradgrind turned away and said no more.

In the morning, he went down to the Bank himself as soon as it was opened, and seeing his son's place empty (he had not the courage to look in at first) went back along the street to meet Mr. Bounderby on his way there. To whom he said that, for reasons he would soon explain, but entreated not then to be asked for, he had found it necessary to employ his son at a distance for a little while. Also, that he was charged with the duty of vindicating Stephen Blackpool's memory, and declaring the thief. Mr. Bounderby, quite confounded, stood stock still in the street after his father-in-law had left him, swelling like an immense soap-bubble, without its beauty.

Mr. Gradgrind went home, locked himself in his room, and kept it all that day. When Sissy and Louisa tapped at his door, he said, without opening it, "Not now, my dears; in the evening." On their return in the evening, he said; "I am not able yet—to-morrow." He ate nothing all day, and had no candle after dark; and they heard him walking to and fro late at night.

But, in the morning he appeared at breakfast at the usual hour, and took his usual place at the table. Aged and bent he looked, and quite bowed down; and yet he looked a wiser man, and a better man, than in the days when in this life he wanted nothing but Facts. Before he left the room, he appointed a time for them to come to him; and so, with his gray head drooping, went away.

"Dear father," said Louisa, when they kept their appointment, "you have three young children left. They will be different, I will be different yet, with Heaven's help."

She gave her hand to Sissy, as if she meant with her help too.

"Your wretched brother," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Do you think he had planned this robbery, when he went with you to the lodging?"

"I fear so, father. I know he had wanted

money very much, and had spent a great deal."

"The poor man being about to leave the town, it came into his evil brain to cast suspicion on him?"

"I think it must have flashed upon him while he sat there, father. For, I asked him to go there with me. The visit did not originate with him."

"He had some conversation with the poor man. Did he take him aside?"

"He took him out of the room. I asked him afterwards why he had done so, and he made a plausible excuse; but, since last night, father, and when I remember the circumstances by its light, I am afraid I can imagine too truly what passed between them."

"Let me know," said her father, "if your thoughts present your guilty brother in the same dark view as mine."

"I fear, father," hesitated Louisa, "that he must have made some representation to Stephen Blackpool—perhaps in my name, perhaps in his own—which induced him to do in good faith and honesty, what he had never done before, and to wait about the Bank those two or three nights before he left the town."

"Too plain!" returned the father. "Too plain!"

He shaded his face, and remained silent for some moments. Recovering himself, he said:

"And now, how is he to be found? How is he to be saved from justice? In the few hours that I can possibly allow to elapse before I publish the truth, how is he to be found by us, and only by us? Ten thousand pounds could not effect it."

"Sissy has effected it, father."

He raised his eyes to where she stood, like a good fairy in his house, and said in a tone of softened gratitude and grateful kindness, "It is always you, my child!"

"We had our fears," Sissy explained, glancing at Louisa, "before yesterday; and when I saw you brought to the side of the litter last night, and heard what passed (being close to Rachael all the time), I went to him when no one saw, and said to him, 'Don't look at me. See where your father is. Escape at once for his sake and your own!' He was in a tremble before I whispered to him, and he started and trembled more then, and said, 'Where can I go? I have very little money,

and I don't know who will hide me!' I thought of father's old circus. I have not forgotten where Mr. Sleary goes at this time of year, and I read of him in a paper only the other day. I told him to hurry there, and tell his name, and ask Mr. Sleary to hide him till I came. 'I'll get to him before the morning,' he said. And I saw him shrink away among the people."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed his father. "He may be got abroad yet."

It was the more hopeful, as the town to which Sissy had directed him was within three hours' journey of Liverpool, whence he could be swiftly dispatched to any part of the world. But, caution being necessary in communicating with him—for there was a greater danger every moment of his being suspected now, and nobody could be sure at heart but that Mr. Bounderby himself, in a bullying vein of public zeal, might play a Roman part—it was consented that Sissy and Louisa should repair to the place in question, by a circuitous course, alone; and that the unhappy father, setting forth in an opposite direction, should get round to the same bourne by another and wider route. It was further agreed that he should not present himself to Mr. Sleary, lest his intentions should be mistrusted, or the intelligence of his arrival should cause his son to take flight anew; but, that the communication should be left to Sissy and Louisa to open; and that they should inform the cause of so much misery and disgrace, of his father's being at hand, and of the purpose for which they had come. When these arrangements had been well considered and were fully understood by all three, it was time to begin to carry them into execution. Early in the afternoon, Mr. Gradgrind walked direct from his own house into the country, to be taken up on the line by which he was to travel; and at night the remaining two set forth upon their different course, encouraged by not seeing any face they knew.

The two travelled all night, except when they were left, for odd numbers of minutes, at branch-places up illimitable flights of steps, or down wells—which was the only variety of those branches—and, early in the morning, were turned out on a swamp, a mile or two from the town they sought. From this dismal spot they were rescued by a savage old postil-

ion, who happened to be up early, kicking a horse in a fly; and so were smuggled into the town by all the back lanes where the pigs lived; which, although not a magnificent or even savory approach, was, as is usual in such cases, the legitimate highway.

The first thing they saw on entering the town was the skeleton of Sleary's Circus. The company had departed for another town more than twenty miles off, and had opened there last night. The connection between the two places was by a hilly turnpike-road, and the travelling on that road was very slow. Though they took but a hasty breakfast, and no rest (which it would have been in vain to seek under such anxious circumstances), it was noon before they began to find the bills of Sleary's Horseriding on barns, and walls, and one o'clock when they stopped in the market-place.

A Grand Morning Performance by the Riders, commencing at that very hour, was in course of announcement by the bellman as they set their feet upon the stones of the street. Sissy recommended that, to avoid making inquiries and attracting attention in the town, they should present themselves to pay at the door. If Mr. Sleary were taking the money, he would be sure to know her, and would proceed with discretion. If he were not, he would be sure to see them inside; and, knowing what he had done with the fugitive, would proceed with discretion still.

Therefore they repaired with fluttering hearts to the well remembered booth. The flag with the inscription SLEARY'S HORSE-LIDING, was there; and the Gothic niche was there; but Mr. Sleary was not there. Master Kidderminster, grown too maturely turfy to be received by the wildest credulity as Cupid any more, had yielded to the invincible force of circumstances (and his beard), and, in the capacity of a man who made himself generally useful, presided on this occasion over the exchequer—having also a drum in reserve, on which to expend his leisure moments and superfluous forces. In the extreme sharpness of his look-out for base coin, Mr. Kidderminster, as at present situated, never saw anything but money; so Sissy passed him unrecognized, and they went in.

The Emperor of Japan, on a steady old white horse stencilled with black spots, was twirling five wash-hand basins at once, as it

is the favorite recreation of that monarch to do. Sissy, though well acquainted with his Royal line, had no personal knowledge of the present Emperor, and his reign was peaceful. Miss Josephine Sleary in her celebrated graceful Equestrian Tyrolean Flower-Act, was then announced by a new clown (who humorously said Cauliflower Act), and Mr. Sleary appeared leading her in.

Mr. Sleary had only made one cut at the Clown with his long whip-lash, and the Clown had only said, "If you do it again, I'll throw the horse at you!" when Sissy was recognized both by father and daughter. But they got through the Act with great self-possession; and Mr. Sleary, saving for the first instant, conveyed no more expression into his locomotive eye than into his fixed one. The performance seemed a little long to Sissy and Louisa, particularly when it stopped to afford the Clown an opportunity of telling Mr. Sleary (who said "Indeed, sir!" to all his observations in the calmest way, and with his eye on the house), about two legs sitting on three legs looking at one leg, when in came four legs and laid hold of one leg, and up got two legs, caught hold of three legs, and threw them at four legs, who ran away with one leg. For, although an ingenious Allegory relating to a butcher, a three-legged stool, a dog, and a leg of mutton, this narrative consumed time, and they were in great suspense. At last, however, little fair-haired Josephine made her curtsy amid great applause; and the Clown, left in the ring, had just warmed himself, alone and said, "Now I'll have a turn!" when Sissy was touched on the shoulder, and beckoned out.

She took Louisa with her; and they were received by Mr. Sleary in a very little private apartment, with canvas sides, a grass floor, and a wooden ceiling all aslant, on which the box company stamped their approbation as if they were coming through. "Thethilia," said Mr. Sleary, who had brandy and water at hand, "it doth me good to thee you. You wath alwayth a favorite with uth, and you've done uth credith think the old timth I'm thure. You mutht thee our people, my dear, afore we thepeak of bithnith, or they'll break their hearth—ethpethially the women. Here'th Jothphine hath been and got married to E. W. B. Childerth, and thee hath got a boy, and

though he'th only three yearth old, he thtick-eth on to any pony you can bring againtht him. He'th named the Little Wonder of Theolathic Equitation; and if you don't hear of that boy at Athley'th, you'll hear of him at Parith. And you recollect Kidderminther, that wath thought to be rather tweet upon yourthelf? Well. He'th married too. Married a widder. Old enough to be hith mother. Thee wath Tight-rope, thee wath, and now thee'th nothing—on account of fat. They've got two children, tho we're throng in the Fairy bithnith and the Nurthery dodge. If you wath to thee our Children in the Wood, with their father and mother both a dyin' on a horth—their uncle a rethieving of 'em ath hith wardth, upon a horth—themthelwth both a goin' a black-berryin' on a horth—and the Robinth a coming in to cover 'em with leavth, upon a horth—you'd thay it wath the completeth thing ath ever you thet your eyeth on! And you remember Emma Gordon, my dear, ath wath a'mout a mother to you? Of courthe you do; I needn't athk. Well! Emma, thee lotht her huthband. He wath throw'd a heavy back-fall off a Elephant in a thort of a Pagoda thing ath the Thultan of the Indieth, and he never got the better of it; and thee married a thecond time—married a Cheethemonger ath fell in love with her from the front—and he'th a Overtheer and makin' a fortun!"

These various changes, Mr. Sleary, very short of breath now, related with great heartiness, and with a wonderful kind of innocence, considering what a bleary and brandy-and-watery old veteran he was. Afterwards he brought in Josephine, and E. W. B. Childers (rather deeply lined in the jaws by daylight), and the Little Wonder of Scholastic Equitation, and, in a word, all the company. Amazing creatures they were in Louisa's eyes, so white and pink of complexion, so scant of dress, and so demonstrative of leg; but it was very agreeable to see them crowding about Sissy, and very natural in Sissy to be unable to refrain from tears.

"There! Now Thethilia hath kithd all the children, and bugged all the women, and thaken handth all round with all the men, clear every one of you, and ring in the band for the thecond part!" said Sleary.

As soon as they were gone, he continued in a low tone. "Now, Thithilia, I don't athk to

know any thecreth, but I thuppothe I may conthider thith to be Mith Thquire?"

"This is his sister. Yes."

"And t'other one'th daughter. That'h what I mean. Hope I thee you well, mith. And I hope the Thquire'th well?"

"My father will be here soon," said Louisa, anxious to bring him to the point. "Is my brother safe?"

"Thafe and thound!" he replied. "I want you jutht to take a peep at the Ring, mith, through here. Thethilia, you know the doggeth; find a thpy-hole for yourthelf."

They each looked through a chink in the boards.

"That'h Jack the Giant Killer—piethe of comic infant bithnith," said Sleary. "There'th a property-houthe, you thee, for Jack to hide in; there'th my Clown with a thauthepan-lid and a thpit, for Jack'th thervant; there'th little Jack himthelf in a thplendid thoot of armor; there'th two comic black thervanth twithe ath big ath the houthe, to thand by it, and to bring it in and clear it; and the Giant (a very expenthive bathket one) he an't on yet. Now, do you thee 'em all?"

"Yes," they both said.

"Look at 'em again," said Sleary, "look at 'em well. You thee 'em all? Very good. Now, mith;" he put a form for them to sit on; "I have my opinionth, and the Thquire, your father, hath hith. I don't want to know what your brother'th been up to; ith better for me not to know. All I thay ith, the Thquire hath thtood by Thethilia, and I'll ththand by the Thquire. Your brother ith one o' them black thervanth."

Louisa uttered an exclamation, partly of distress, partly of satisfaction.

"Ith a fact," said Sleary, "and even knowin it, you couldn't put your finger on him. Let the Thquire come. I thall keep your brother here after the performanth. I thant undreth him, nor yeth wath hith paint off. Let the Thquire come here after the performanth, or come here yourthelf after the performanth, and you thall find your brother, and have the whole plathe to talk to him in. Never mind the lookth of him, ath long ath he'th well hid."

Louisa with many thanks and with a lightened load, detained Mr. Sleary no longer then. She left her love for her brother, with her eyes

full of tears, and she and Sissy went away until late in the afternoon.

Mr. Gradgrind arrived within an hour afterwards. He too had encountered no one whom he knew; and was now sanguine, with Sleary's assistance, of getting his disgraced son to Liverpool in the night. As neither of the three could be his companion without almost identifying him under any disguise, he prepared a letter to a correspondent whom he could trust, beseeching him to ship the bearer off, at any cost, to North or South America, or any distant part of the world to which he could be the most speedily and privately dispatched. This done, they walked about, waiting for the Circus to be quite vacated; not only by the audience, but by the company and by the horses. After watching it a long time, they saw Mr. Sleary bring out a chair and sit down by the side-door, smoking; as if that were his signal that they might approach.

"Your thervant, Thquire," was his cautious salutation as they passed in. "If you want me you'll find me here. You muthn't mind your thon having a comic livery on."

They all three went in; and Mr. Gradgrind sat down, forlorn, on the Clown's performing chair in the middle of the ring. On one of the back benches, remote in the subdued light and the strangeness of the place, sat the villainous whelp, sulky to the last, whom he had the misery to call his son.

In a preposterous coat, like a beadle's, with cuffs and flaps exaggerated to an unspeakable extent; in an immense waistcoat, knee-breeches, buckled shoes, and a mad cocked hat; with nothing fitting him, and everything of coarse material, moth-eaten, and full of holes; with seams in his black face, where fear and heat had started through the greasy composition daubed all over it; anything so grimly, detestably, ridiculously shameful as the whelp in his comic livery, Mr. Gradgrind never could by any other means have believed in, weighable and measurable fact though it was. And one of his model children had come to this!

At first the whelp would not draw any nearer, but persisted in remaining up there by himself. Yielding at length, if any concession so sullenly made can be called yielding, to the entreaties of Sissy—for Louisa he disowned altogether—he came down, bench by bench, until he stood in the sawdust, on the verge of the

circle, as far as possible, within its limits from where his father sat.

"How was this done?" asked the father.

"How was what done?" moodily answered the son.

"This robbery," said the father, raising his voice upon the word.

"I forced the safe myself over night, and shut it up ajar before I went away. I had had the key that was found, made long before. I dropped it that morning, that it might be supposed to have been used. I didn't take the money all at once. I pretended to put my balance away every night, but I didn't. Now you know all about it."

"If a thunderbolt had fallen on me," said the father, "it would have shocked me less than this!"

"I don't see why," grumbled the son. "So many people are employed in situations of trust; so many people, out of so many, will be dishonest. I have heard you talk, a hundred times, of its being a law. How can I help laws? You have comforted others with such things, father. Comfort yourself!"

The father buried his face in his hands, and the son stood in his disgraceful grotesqueness, biting straw; his hands, with the black partly worn away inside, looking like the hands of a monkey. The evening was fast closing in; and, from time to time, he turned the whites of his eyes restlessly and impatiently towards his father. They were the only parts of his face that showed any life or expression, the pigment upon it was so thick.

"You must be got to Liverpool, and sent abroad."

"I suppose I must. I can't me more miserable anywhere," whimpered the whelp, "than I have been here, ever since I can remember. That's one thing."

Mr. Gradgrind went to the door, and returned with Sleary, to whom he submitted the question, How to get this deplorable object away?

"Why, I've been thinking of it, Thquire. There'th not muth time to lothe, tho you mutht thay yeth or no. Ith over twenty mileth to the rail. Thereth a coath in half an hour, that goeth to the rail, purpothe to cath the mail train. That train will take him right to Liverpool."

"But look at him," groaned Mr. Gradgrind.

"Will any coach—"

"I don't mean that he should go in the comic livery," said Sleary. "Thay the word, and I'll make a Jothkin of him, out of the wardrobe, in five minutes."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"A Jothkin—a Carter. Make up your mind quick, Thquire. There'll be beer to feth. I've never met with nothing but beer ath'll ever clean a comic blackamoer."

Mr. Gradgrind rapidly assented; Mr. Sleary rapidly turned out from a box, a smock frock, a felt hat, and other essentials; the whelp rapidly changed clothes behind a screen of baize; Mr. Sleary rapidly brought beer, and washed him white again.

"Now," said Sleary, "come along to the coath, and jump up behind; I'll go with you there, and they'll thuppothe you one of my people. Thay farewell to your family, and tharp'th the word!"

With which he delicately retired.

"Here is your letter," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"All necessary means will be provided for you. Atone, by repentance and better conduct, for the shocking action you have committed, and the dreadful consequences to which it has led. Give me your hand, my poor boy, and may God forgive you as I do!"

The culprit was moved to a few abject tears by these words and their pathetic tone. But, when Louisa opened her arms, he repulsed her afresh.

"Not you. I don't want to have anything to say to you!"

"Oh, Tom, Tom, do we end so, after all my love?"

"After all your love!" he returned, obdurately. "Pretty love! Leaving old Bounderby to himself, and packing my best friend Mr. Harthouse off, and going home, just when I was in the greatest danger. Pretty love that! Coming out with every word about our having gone to that place, when you saw the net was gathering round me. Pretty love that! You have regularly given me up. You never cared for me."

"Tharp'th the word!" said Sleary, at the door.

They all confusedly went out; Louisa crying to him that she forgave him, and loved him still, and that he would one day be sorry to

have left her so, and glad to think of these her last words, far away; when some one ran against them.

Mr. Gradgrind and Sissy, who were both before him, while his sister yet clung to his shoulder, stopped and recoiled.

For, there was Bitzer, out of breath, his thin lips parted, his thin nostrils distended, his white eyelashes quivering, his colorless face more colorless than ever, as if he ran himself into a white heat, when other people ran themselves into a glow. There he stood, panting and heaving, as if he had never stopped since the night, now along ago, when he had run them down before.

"I'm sorry to interfere with your plans," said Bitzer, shaking his head, "but I can't allow myself to be done by horseriders. I must have young Mr. Tom; he mustn't be got away by horseriders; here he is in a smock frock, and I must have him!"

By the collar, too, it seemed. For, so he took possession of him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

They went back into the booth, Sleary shutting the door to keep intruders out. Bitzer, still holding the paralysed culprit by the collar, stood in the Ring, blinking at his old patron through the darkness of the twilight.

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, broken down and miserably submissive to him, "have you a heart?"

"The circulation, sir," returned Bitzer, smiling at the oddity of the question, "couldn't be carried on without one. No man, sir, acquainted with the facts established by Harvey relating to the circulation of the blood, can doubt that I have a heart."

"Is it accessible," cried Mr. Gradgrind, "to any compassionate influence?"

"It is accessible to Reason, sir," returned the excellent young man. "And to nothing else."

They stood looking at each other; Mr. Gradgrind's face as white as the pursuer's.

"What motive—even what motive in reason—can you have for preventing the escape of this wretched youth," said Mr. Gradgrind, "and crushing his miserable father? See his sister here. Pity us!"

"Sir," returned Bitzer, in a very business-like and logical manner, "since you ask me

what motive I have in reason, for taking young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, it is only reasonable to let you know. I have suspected young Mr. Tom of this bank robbery from the first. I had had my eye upon him before that time, for I knew his ways. I have kept my observations to myself, but I have made them; and I have got ample proofs against him now, besides his running away, and besides his own confession, which I was just in time to overhear. I had the pleasure of watching your house yesterday morning, and following you here. I am going to take young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, in order to deliver him over to Mr. Bounderby. Sir, I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Bounderby will then promote me to young Mr. Tom's situation. And I wish to have his situation, sir, for it will be a rise to me and will do me good."

"If this is solely a question of self-interest with you——" Mr. Gradgrind began.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir," returned Bitzer; "but I am sure you know that the whole social system is a question of self-interest. What you must always appeal to, is a person's self-interest. It's your only hold. We are so constituted. I was brought up in that catechism when I was very young, sir, as you are aware."

"What sum of money," said Mr. Gradgrind, "will you set against your expected promotion?"

"Thank you, sir," returned Bitzer, "for hinting at the proposal; but I will not set any sum against it. Knowing that your clear head propose that alternative, I have gone over the calculations in my mind; and I find that to compound a felony, even on very high terms indeed, would not be as safe and good for me as my improved prospects in the Bank."

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, stretching out his hands as though he would have said, See how miserable I am! "Bitzer, I have but one chance left to soften you. You were many years at my school. If, in remembrance of the pains bestowed upon you there, you can persuade yourself in any degree to disregard your present interest and release my son, I entreat and pray you to give him the benefit of that remembrance."

"I really wonder, sir," rejoined the old pupil in an argumentative manner, "to find you taking a position so untenable. My school-

ing was paid for: it was a bargain; and when I came away, the bargain ended."

It was a fundamental principle of the Gradgrind philosophy, that everything was to be paid for. Nobody was ever on any account to give anybody anything, or render anybody help without purchase. Gratitude was to be abolished, and the virtues springing from it were not to be. Every inch of the whole existence of mankind, from birth to death, was to be a bargain across a counter. And if we didn't get to Heaven that way, it was not a politico-economical place, and we had no business there.

"I don't deny," added Bitzer, "that my schooling was cheap. But that comes right, sir. I was made in the cheapest market, and have to dispose of myself in the dearest."

He was a little troubled here, by Louisa and Sissy crying.

"Pray don't do that," said he, "it's of no use doing that; it only worries. You seem to think that I have some animosity against young Mr. Tom; whereas I have none at all. I am only going on the reasonable grounds I have mentioned, to take him back to Coketown. If he was to resist, I should set up the cry of Stop Thief! But, he won't resist, you may depend upon it."

Mr. Sleary, who, with his mouth open and his rolling eye as immovably jammed in his head as his fixed one, had listened to these doctrines with profound attention, here stepped forward.

"Thquire, you know perfectly well, and your daughter knowth perfectly well (better than you, becaushe I thed it to her,) that I didn't know what your thon had done, and that I didn't want to know—I thed it wath better not, though I only thought, then, it wath thome thkylarking. However, thith young man having made it known to be a robbery of a bank, why, that'h a theriouth thing; muth too theriouth a thing for me to compound, ath thith young man hath very properly called it. Conthequently, Thquire, you muth'nt quarrel with me if I take thith young man'th thide, and thay he'th right and there'th no help for it. Bat I tell you what I'll do, Thquire, I'll drive your thon and thith young man over to the rail, and prevent expothure here. I can't content to do more, but I'll do that."

Fresh lamentations from Louisa, and deeper

affliction on Mr. Gradgrind's part, followed this desertion of them by their last friend. But, Sissy glanced at him with great attention: nor did she in her own breast misunderstand him. As they were all going out again, he favored her with one slight roll of his movable eye, desiring her to linger behind. As he locked the door, he said excitedly:

"The Thquire thtood by you, Thethilia, and I'll thtand by the Thquire. More than that, thith ith a prethiouth ratheal and belongth to that bluthtering Cove that my people nearly pitht out o' winder. It'll be a dark night; I've got a horthe that'll do anything but thepeak; I've got a pony that'll go fifteen mile an hour with Childreth driving of him; I've got a dog that'll keep a man to one plathe four-and-twenty houthr. Get a word with the young Thquire. Tell him, when he theeth our horthe begin to danthe, not to be afraid of being thpilt, but to look out for a pony-gig coming up. Tell him when he theeth that gig clothe by, to jump down, and it'll take him off at a rattling pathe. If my dog leth thith young man thtir a peg on foot, I give him leave to go. And if my horthe ever thtirth from that thpot where he beginth a danthing, till the morning—I don't know him! Tharp'th the word!"

The word was so sharp, that in ten minutes Mr. Childers, sauntering about the market place in a pair of slippers, had his cue, and Mr. Sleary's equipage was ready. It was a fine sight, to behold the learned dog barking round it, and Mr. Sleary instructing him, with his one practicable eye, that Bitzer was the object of his particular attention. Soon after dark they all three got in and started; the learned dog (a formidable creature) already pinning Bitzer with his eye, and sticking close to the wheel on his side, that he might be ready for him in the event of his showing the slightest disposition to alight.

The other three sat up at the inn all night in great suspense. At eight o'clock in the morning Mr. Sleary and the dog re-appeared: both in high spirits.

"All right, Thquire!" said Mr. Sleary, "your thon may be aboard-a-thip by thith time. Childreth took him off an hour and a half after we left here, latht night. The horthe danthed the Polka till he wath dead beat (he would have walthed, if he hadn't been in harneth,) and then I gave him the word and he

went to thleep comfortable. When that prethiouth young Rathcal thed he'd go for'ard afoot, the dog hung on to hith neckhankercher with all four legth in the air and pulled him down and rolled him over. Tho he come back into the drag, and there he that, 'till I turned the hortheth head, at half-patht thixth thith morning."

Mr. Gradgrind overwhelmed him with thanks, of course; and hinted, as delicately as he could, at a handsome remuneration in money.

"I don't want money mythelf, Thquire; but Childerth ith a family man, and if you wath to like to offer him a five-pound note, it mightn't be unaccepteable. Likewithe, if you wath to thtand a collar for the dog, or a thet of bellth for the hortheth, I should be very glad to take 'em. Brandy and water I alwayth take." He had already called for a glass, and now called for another. "If you wouldn't think it going too far, Thquire, to make a little thpread for the company at about three and thirth ahead, not reckoning Luth, it would make 'em happy."

All these little tokens of his gratitude, Mr. Gradgrind very willingly undertook to render. Though he thought them far too slight, he said, for such a service.

"Very well, Thquire; then, if you'll only give a Hortheth-riding a bethpeath, whenever you can, you'll more than balanthe the account. Now, Thquire, if your daughter will etheuthe me, I should like one parting word with you."

Louisa and Sissy withdrew into an adjoining room. Mr. Sleary, stirring and drinking his brandy and water as he stood, went on—

"Thquire, you don't need to be told that dogth ith wonderful animalth."

"Their instinct," said Mr. Gradgrind, "is surprising."

"Whatever you call it—and I'm bletht if I know what to call it"—said Sleary, "it ith athtonithing. The way in with a dog'll find you—the dithtanthe he'll come!"

"His scent," said Mr. Gradgrind, "being so fine."

"I'm bletht if I know what to call it," repeated Sleary, shaking his head, "but I have had dogth find me, Thquire, in a way that made me think whether that dog hadn't gone to another dog, and thed, 'You don't happen to

know a perthon of the name of Thleary, do you? Perthon of the name of Thleary, in the Hortheth-Riding way—thtout man—game eye!' And whether that dog mightn't have thed, 'Well, I can't thay that I know him mythelf, but I know a dog that I think would be likely to be acquainted with him.' And whether that dog mightn't have thought it over, and thed, 'Thleary, Thleary! Oh! yeth, to be thure! A friend of mine menthioned him to me at one time. I can get you hith addreth directly.' In conthequenth of my being afore the public, and going about tho muth, you thee, there mutht be a number of dogth acquainted with me, Thquire, that I don't know!"

Mr. Gradgrind seemed to be quite confounded by this speculation.

"Any way," said Sleary, after putting his lips to his brandy and water, "ith fourteen month ago, Thquire, thithe we wath at Chethter. We wath getting up our Children in the Wood, one morning, when there cometh into our Ring, by the thtage door, a dog. He had travelled a long way, he wath in very bad condition, he wath lame, and pretty well blind. He went round to our children, one after another, as if he wath a theeking for a child he know'd; and then he come to me, and throwd hithelf up behind, and thtood on hith two fore-legs, weak ath he wath, and then he wagged hith tail and died. Thquire, that dog wath Merrylegth."

"Sissy's father's dog!"

"Thethilia'th father'th old dog. Now, Thquire, I can take my oath, from my knowledge of that dog, that that man wath dead—and buried—afore that dog come back to me. Joth'phine and Childerth and me talked it over a long time, whether I should write or not. But we agreed, 'No. There'th nothing comfortable to tell; why unthettle her mind, and make her unhappy?' Tho, whether her father bathely detherted her; or whether he broke hith own heart alone, rather than pull her down along with him, never will be known, now, Thquire, till—no, not till we know how the dogth findth uth out!"

"She keeps the bottle that he sent her for, to this hour; and she will believe in his affection to the last moment of her life," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"It theemth to prethent two thingth to a

perthor, don't it, Thquire?" said Mr. Sleary, musing as he looked down into the depths of his brandy and water: "one, that there ith a love in the world, not all Thelf-intereth after all, but thomething very different: t'other, that it hath a way of ith own of calculating or not calculating, whith thomehow or another ith at leatht ath hard to give a name to, ath the wayth of the dogth ith!"

Mr. Gradgrind looked out of the window, and made no reply. Mr. Sleary emptied his glass and recalled the ladies.

"Thethilia, my dear, kith me and good bye! Mith Thquire, to thee you treating of her like a thithter, and a thithter that you trutht and honor with all your heart and more, ith a very pretty thight to me. I hope your brother may live to be better detherring of you, and a greater comfort to you. Thquire, thake handth, firht and lath! Don't be croth with uth poor vagabondth. People mutht be smuthed. They can't be alwayth a learning, nor yet they can't be alwayth a working; they ain't made for it. You *mutht* have uth, Thquire. Do the withe thing and the kind thing, too, and make the betht of uth; not the wurtht!"

"And I never thought before," said Mr. Sleary, putting his head in at the door again to say it, "that I wath the muth of a Cackler!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It is a dangerous thing to see anything in the sphere of a vain blusterer, before the vain blusterer sees it himself. Mr. Bounderby felt that Mrs. Sparsit had audaciously anticipated him, and presumed to be wiser than he. Inappeasably indignant with her for her triumphant discovery of Mrs. Pegler, he turned this presumption, on the part of a woman in her dependent position, over and over in his mind, until it accumulated with turning like a great snowball. At last, he made the discovery that to discharge this highly-connected female—to have it in his power to say, "She was a woman of family, and wanted to stick to me, but I wouldn't have it, and got rid of her"—would be to get the utmost possible amount of crowning glory out of the connection, and at the same time to punish Mrs. Sparsit according to her deserts.

Filled fuller than ever, with this great idea,

Mr. Bounderby came in to lunch, and sat himself down in the dining-room of former days, where his portrait was. Mrs. Sparsit sat by the fire, with her foot in her cotton stirrup, little thinking whither she was posting.

Since the Pegler affair, this gentlewoman had covered her pity for Mr. Bounderby with a veil of quiet melancholy and contrition. In virtue thereof, it had become her habit to assume a woful look; which woful look she now bestowed upon her patron.

"What's the matter, now, ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby, in a very short, rough way.

"Pray, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "do not bite my nose off."

"Bite your nose off, ma'am!" repeated Mr. Bounderby. "*Your* nose!" meaning, as Mrs. Sparsit conceived, that it was too developed a nose for the purpose. After which offensive implication, he cut himself a crust of bread, and threw the knife down with a noise.

Mrs. Sparsit took her foot out of her stirrup, and said—

"Mr. Bounderby, sir!"

"Well, ma'am?" retorted Mr. Bounderby. "What are you staring at?"

"May I ask, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "have you been ruffled this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"May I inquire, sir," pursued the injured woman, "whether I am the unfortunate cause of your having lost your temper?"

"Now, I'll tell you what, ma'am," said Bounderby, "I am not come here to be bullied. A female may be highly connected, but she can't be permitted to bother and badger a man in my position, and I am not going to put up with it." (Mr. Bounderby felt it necessary to get on; foreseeing that if he allowed of details, he would be beaten.)

Mrs. Sparsit first elevated, then knitted, her Coriolanian eyebrows; gathered up her work into its proper basket; and rose.

"Sir," said she, majestically. "It is apparent to me that I am in your way at present. I will retire to my own apartment."

"Allow me to open the door, ma'am."

"Thank you, sir; I can do it for myself."

"You had better allow me, ma'am," said Bounderby, passing her, and getting his hand upon the lock; "because I can take the opportunity of saying a word to you, before you go. Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, I rather think you are

cramped here, do you know? It appears to me, that, under my humble roof, there's hardly opening enough for a lady of your genius in other people's affairs."

Mrs. Sparsit gave him a look of the darkest scorn, and said with great politeness—

"Really, sir?"

"I have been thinking it over, you see, since the late affairs have happened, ma'am," said Bounderby; "and it appears to my poor judgment—"

"Oh! Pray, sir," Mrs. Sparsit interposed, with sprightly cheerfulness, "don't disparage your judgment. Everybody knows how unerring Mr. Bounderby's judgment is. Everybody has had proofs of it. It must be the theme of general conversation. Disparage anything in yourself but your judgment, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, laughing.

Mr. Bounderby, very red and uncomfortable, resumed—

"It appears to me, ma'am, I say, that a different sort of establishment altogether would bring out a lady of your powers. Such an establishment as your relation, Lady Scadgers', now. Don't you think you might find some affairs there, ma'am, to interfere with?"

"It never occurred to me before, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit; "but now you mention it, I should think it highly probable."

"Then, suppose you try, ma'am," said Bounderby, laying an envelope, with a cheque in it, in her little basket. "You can take your own time for going, ma'am; but, perhaps, in the meanwhile, it will be more agreeable to a lady of your powers of mind to eat her meals by herself, and not to be intruded upon. I really ought to apologise to you—being only Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown—for having stood in your light so long."

"Pray, don't name it, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "If that portrait could speak, sir,—but it has the advantage over the original of not possessing the power of committing itself and disgusting others,—it would testify, that a long period has elapsed since I first habitually addressed it as the picture of a Noodle. Nothing that a Noodle does, can awaken surprise or indignation; the proceedings of a Noodle can only inspire contempt."

Thus saying, Mrs. Sparsit, with her Roman features like a medal struck to commemorate her scorn of Mr. Bounderby, surveyed him

fixedly from head to foot, swept disdainfully past him, and ascended the staircase. Mr. Bounderby closed the door, and stood before the fire; projecting himself after his old explosive manner into his portrait—and into futurity.

Into how much of futurity? He saw Mrs. Sparsit fighting out a daily fight, at the points of all the weapons in the female armory, with the grudging, smarting, peevish, tormenting, Lady Scadgers, still laid up in bed with her mysterious leg, and gobbling her insufficient income down by about the middle of every quarter, in a mean, little, airless, lodging, a mere closet for one, a mere crib for two; but did he see more? Did he catch any glimpse of himself making a show of Bitzer to strangers, as the rising young man, so devoted to his master's great merits, who had won young Tom's place, and had almost captured young Tom himself, in the times when by various rascals he was spirited away? Did he see any faint reflection of his own image making a vain-glorious will, whereby five-and-twenty Humbugs past five-and-fifty years of age, each taking upon himself the name, Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, should for ever dine in Bounderby Hall, for ever lodge in Bounderby Buildings, for ever attend a Bounderby chapel, for ever go to sleep under a Bounderby chapelain, for ever be supported out of a Bounderby estate, and for ever nauseate all healthy stomachs with a vast amount of Bounderby balderdash and bluster? Had he any prescience of the day, five years to come, when Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, was to die of a fit in the Coketown street, and this same precious will was to begin its long career of quibble, plunder, false pretences, vile example, little service, and much law? Probably not. Yet the portrait was to see it all out.

Here was Mr. Gradgrind on the same day, and in the same hour, sitting thoughtful in his own room. How much of futurity did he see? Did he see himself, a white-haired, decrepid man, bending his hitherto inflexible theories to appointed circumstances; making his facts and figures subservient to Faith, Hope, and Charity; and no longer trying to grind that Heavenly trio in his dusty little mills? Did he catch sight of himself, therefore much despised by his late political associates? Did he see them, in the era of its being quite settled that

the national dustmen have only to do with one another, and owe no duty to an abstraction called a People, "taunting the honorable gentleman" with this and with that and with what not, five nights a-week, until the small hours of the morning? Probably, he had that much fore-knowledge, knowing his men.

Here was Louisa, on the night of the same day, watching the fire as in days of yore, though with a gentler and a humbler face. How much of the future might arise before her vision? Broad-sides in the streets, signed with her father's name, exonerating the late Stephen Blackpool, weaver, from misplaced suspicion, and publishing the guilt of his own son, with such extenuation as his years and temptation (he could not bring himself to add, his education) might beseech; were of the Present. So, Stephen Blackpool's tombstone, with her father's record of his death, was almost of the Present, for she knew it was to be. These things she could plainly see. But, how much of the Future?

A working woman, christened Rachael, after a long illness, once again appearing at the ringing of the Factory bell, and passing to and fro at the set hours, among the Coketown Hands; a woman of a pensive beauty, always dressed in black, but sweet-tempered and serene, and even cheerful; who, of all the people in the place, alone appeared to have compassion on a degraded, drunken wretch of her own sex, who was sometimes seen in the town secretly begging of her, and crying to her; a woman working, ever working, but content to do it, and preferring to do it as her natural lot, until she should be too old to labor any more? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was to be.

A lonely brother, many thousands of miles away, writing, on paper blotted with tears, that her words had too soon come true, and that all the treasures in the world would be cheaply bartered for a sight of her dear face? At length, this brother coming nearer home, with hope of seeing her, and being delayed by illness; and then a letter, in a strange hand, saying, "he died in hospital, of fever, such a day, and died in penitence and love of you: his last word being your name?" Did Louisa see these things? Such things were to be.

Herself again a wife—a mother—lovingly watchful of her children, ever careful that they should have a childhood of the mind no

less than a childhood of the body, as knowing it to be even a more beautiful thing, and a possession, any hoarded scrap of which is a blessing and happiness to the wisest? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was never to be.

But, happy Sissy's happy children loving her; all children loving her; she grown learned in childish lore; thinking no innocent and pretty fancy ever to be despised; trying hard to know her humbler fellow creatures, and to beautify their lives of machinery and reality, with those imaginative graces and delights, without which the heart of infancy will wither up, the sturdiest physical manhood will be morally stark death, and the plainest national prosperity figures can show, will be the Writing on the Wall—she holding this course as part of no fantastic vow, or bond, or brotherhood, or sisterhood, or pledge, or covenant, or fancy dress or fancy fair; but, simply as a duty to be done—did Louisa see these things of herself? These things were to be.

Dear reader! It rests with you and me, whether, in our two fields of action, similar things shall be or not! Let them be! We shall sit with lighter bosoms on the hearth, to see the ashes of our fires turn gray and cold.

THE END.

FORGOTTEN BLESSINGS.

BY W. CALVERT.

Where are stars—the stars that shone

All through the summer night?

Where are they and their pale queen gone,

As if they feared to be looked upon

By the gaze of the bold daylight?

Gone they are not. In the far blue skies

Their silent ranks they keep;

Unseen by our sun-dazzled eyes,

They wait till the breath of the night wind
sighs,

They come and watch our sleep.

Thus oft it is—the lights that cheer

The night of our distress,

When brighter, gladder hours appear,

Forgotten with our grief and fear,

Wake not our thankfulness.

Yet still, unmindful though we be,

Those lamps of love remain;

And when life's shadows close, and we

Look up some ray of hope to see,

Shall glad our hearts again.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! ne'er let falsehood stain thy tongue,
 Nor let thy lips betray
 Thy better reason into wrong,
 But truth's great law obey!
 The way to fortune all inquire,
 But truth's a nobler prize;
 For truth—immortal as its sire—
 Still lives—when fortune dies!
 Then ne'er let falsehood stain thy tongue,
 Nor let thy lips betray
 Thy better reason into wrong,
 But truth's great law obey!
 'Tis truth that bids the bosom glow
 With independent worth;
 It is a joy that angels know,
 And maketh heaven on earth.
 Who first one step from honor took,
 Took one step to disgrace;
 Who keeps the truth—though poor—may
 look
 The whole world in the face!
 Then ne'er let falsehood stain thy tongue,
 Nor let thy lips betray
 Thy better reason into wrong,
 But truth's great law obey!

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF
A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY EMMA LINLEY.

NO. VII.

Monday, June 6th, 1836.

To-day has been one of pleasure and of trial; pleasure, for I was at home this morning, and father brought me here. How very much I enjoyed the ride! I was too happy to talk much, and father was very quiet—I wonder if he was thinking of his business all the way. Mother says there is some kind of trouble about the C—Bank, which makes him fear that he shall lose considerable money. I am thankful I am not a man—I do not believe they can be very happy, for they seem to have so little time to think of anything except business.

I found the scholars all bright and happy. I had just time to arrange the fresh, sweet flowers which came in from all quarters, before story time. The forenoon passed delightfully, but the afternoon was not very pleasant.

I did not reach the school-house till time to ring the bell. Instead of taking their seats, as usual, Willie Wright and Dolly Arnold came

directly to me, and both together commenced complaining of each other. They were both very angry, and I had need of all my firmness to make Willie wait till Dolly had told her story. She said he had struck her before she did anything to vex him, and would have added a multitude of offensive epithets, if I had not checked her. Willie, I suppose, saw that hard names would not be permitted at the end of his account, for he commenced in a very violent manner. I stopped him, and at length he told his grievances properly. It was impossible to tell which was most blame-worthy, but it was very evident that both were naughty. I talked to them some time, trying very earnestly to arouse their good feelings. I saw the necessity of proceeding with ordinary school exercises—as I felt that these two had no right to my undivided attention—so I told them I would settle the affair after school.

"My father never allows anybody to keep me after school," said Willie.

"Then I shall go home with you," I replied, as I called the first class for the afternoon.

I was somewhat disturbed by Willie's angry face; Dolly was looking ashamed of her part in the quarrel, and I was sure would ask his pardon when I should request her to do so. I thought that Willie would be much more easily led to right feeling when none of his playmates should be there to see him yield. Notwithstanding his declaration of his father's interference in the matter, I did not suppose he would refuse to stay.

At recess I was surprised by his requesting to be excused for the day.

"Of course not, Willie," I replied, "you have a difficulty to settle with Dolly, you recollect."

"My mother told me to get dismissed, and if you don't let me go till school is done, I shan't stay a minute after the other scholars, for my father told me never to do that thing."

It struck me as a little singular that Willie should be growing so very obedient, when I had known of his repeatedly disregarding parental authority. I allowed him to go home, telling him that I should follow soon after school. I went through the remaining exercises mechanically. I so disliked to go to Mr. Wright's. Mr. Dean said yesterday that Mr. Wright is a man of violent temper, and has had trouble with every teacher since Willie was old enough to attend school. Unfortunately

for the boy he is an only child, and is indulged unreasonably most of the time, while an occasional severe beating from the hands of an angry father, does him far more harm than good.

When school finished, I was glad I had some copies to write, that I might not have the children's company during my long walk, for I needed to be alone. I talked with Dolly long enough to assure myself of her right feelings, then wrote the copies, and started for Mr. Wright's. The sun was scorching hot. I was very tired when I reached the long, shady lane which led to Mr. W——'s door. How my heart blessed those noble trees! I rested a moment under the first one; then walked slowly to the front door, and knocked. I saw company at the windows, but felt no disposition to enter at a side door, though, a moment after, when I was ushered through that roomful of ladies, among whom I recognised Mrs. C—— and Miss O——, from W——, I heartily wished I had done so. Conscious of blushing scarlet, I seated myself in the room where I might expect a private interview with Mr. and Mrs. Wright. They came in. It seemed to me we were preparing for a funeral, they walked across the room so quietly. How much some common sound would have re-assured me, but I could hear nothing save my own throbbing heart, could see nothing save Mr. Wright's stern, almost savage, face, which seemed to say, in every lineament—"Did such an insignificant being as you *dare* to tell my Willie to stay after school?"

Neither offered to speak. I believed he enjoyed my embarrassment, and she pitied me. I must say something. His very sternness helped me to command my feelings, and I said—

"Mr. Wright, I came here, to-night, because your little boy said you would not allow him to stay after school."

I did not quail before his stern glance, as he replied—

"Willie was right. I have told him never to stay after school, for any teacher. I now tell you never to ask him to stay again, and I advise you not to keep any other scholar."

My prayers for strength were answered, or I could never have continued the conversation in

the perfectly self-possessed tone in which I said—

"Pray, Mr. Wright, do you think a teacher should yield her right, and her duty, too, of governing her school to any one?"

The advantage was all on my side now; my embarrassment was gone. Mr. Wright had met me, scorning my youth and inexperience. He had thought to frighten me by his sternness; and, as his eye met mine, he read more of self-reliance than he could account for. I could almost read his thoughts in his altered appearance. He was half angry, at first. I saw his brow flush, but I was not frightened. I calmly waited for his answer. Mrs. Wright's look of pity had vanished, but she said nothing. The silence had begun to grow awkward, when Mr. Wright continued the conversation.

"I certainly do not wish to tell you what you must do or must not. I merely *advise* you not to keep other scholars, as other parents may feel as strongly on the subject as I do. If Willie does wrong, I am willing you should punish him as much as he deserves, before the school; but I never was willing that a teacher should keep my child to punish him, more than she dared before others, and *I never shall be.*"

The longer Mr. Wright talked the louder his voice sounded; but loud words were no more alarming to me than stern looks; though, by the look of gentle entreaty on Mrs. Wright's face, I saw that she feared her husband would lose his self-control. I calmly replied—

"I never thought of that side of the subject before, but I think, when you know me better, you will not fear my punishing your boy unjustly."

We talked longer—I was very much in earnest, and perfectly self-possessed. I told them I had already detained several children after school, and no parent had objected. I had supposed that all felt that, if I was willing to give up my time to their children, I was, at least, trying to do my duty. I assured Mr. W—— that I wish to show all due regard to the opinions of each parent, as connected with my treatment of his children. I told him I should not insist upon detaining Willie at all; but I feared I should be obliged to punish him corporeally, while I was very sure I should not,

if I could talk to him alone. I believe Mr. Wright realized that I could more easily make Willie yield by talking to him, than by whipping him before his playmates, but he was too proud to say so. He had said that he never should be willing to have his boy stay, and he would not allow me to suppose that I had influenced him. We spoke of Willie's trouble with Dolly Arnold, and I saw that both parents thought it a very trifling affair, which it would have been as well to have allowed to pass with as little notice as possible. Mrs. Wright would have spoken of Dolly's disagreeable qualities, but I had the assurance to check her. I know as well as she does that Dolly is as awkward a girl as I ever saw, and so unfeminine as to be really disagreeable, but I am unwilling to have the failings of my pupils noted in my presence. I assured Mr. and Mrs. Wright that I should require Willie to apologize to Dolly, unless they wished to take the matter out of my hands. "Do just as you think best," said Mr. Wright, "you need fear no further interference from us."

When I rose to go, Mrs. Wright cordially invited me to lay aside my bonnet and shawl, and remain to tea. When I had politely, but firmly declined the invitation, she asked if I would come home with her if she would visit school soon; I assured her that it would give me pleasure to do so. Mr. Wright shook hands kindly at parting, and said, "I hope our boy will not give you any trouble—he is a little headstrong, sometimes."

I really enjoyed my walk home, so many pleasant thoughts came to make me forget the heat and the dust. I found Susie Cole had been awaiting my return some time. I was nearly as much surprised as delighted to see her, and we had a pleasant chat. Susie wonders what could have induced me to consent to spend a whole season in this out of the way place. She says she is half angry with every one of the girls, who have taken schools this Summer, since we have left the village so dull. I told her she must take advantage of our holiday Saturdays, and get up a pic-nic for one of them. She entered into the plan with spirit, and if we do not have a nice time one of these weeks, I am mistaken. Sue says one grand feature of our pic-nic shall be that every one of us, who are teaching, shall tell our experience

in the business. Susie will stay with her cousin, Mrs. Moore, till day after to-morrow, and she wants I should come there to-morrow night. It is quite time for me to seek Mrs. Moore's acquaintance, and I may as well commence the calls I am resolved to make this week, there, as at a greater distance. My call at Mr. Wright's was quite impromptu; but I flatter myself that I never need fear other than a cordial reception from the worthy couple. I am glad I went there; I know I shall get along nicely with Willie in the morning, for I have found a story, which seems written for the occasion, and he is rather easily influenced.

Saturday, June 11th—4 o'clock, morn.

How rapidly this week has glided away! I am glad it has, for it is my first double week. I cannot forget that I am not going home to-night, but I am happy as—yes, ten times happier than a queen.

What a gad-about I have been this week, but it is my duty to be running at large over the whole district. I have not been at Mr. Dean's, except for short calls at noon, since Wednesday morning. Now, I am in Mrs. Mortimer's spare chamber. How Alice and I have disarranged it! I do think, however, that great feather bed looks as well on the floor as any where, such weather as this.

Tuesday night, immediately after tea, I went to Mrs. Moore's. She is a little, pale, quiet woman, with a very large, fat baby, which looks too big for her to lift. She appeared weary and careworn, not a particle like that bright ideal of my pet Fanny's mother, which I had cherished in my mind. There must be a deal of prose about such a monstrous babe—I am thankful that mother always had such little, lively ones, that it never was anything but a pleasure to take the baby at our house. Fanny is a sad trial to her mother's patience, but she is improving. She has not been tardy at school for nearly a fortnight, and has been to school bare-headed, because she had no bonnet to put on, only once during the past week. She has four bonnets to wear to school. Occasionally she can find her nice, new cape bonnet, though it has lain out of doors through two rainy nights, already this season. As a last resort, she has a most comical looking little hood, which she has entirely outgrown. I

laughed heartily the first time she made her appearance in it, exclaiming, as she ran,

"Miss Howard, wouldn't you sooner look like a fright than be tardy?"

She has not found out yet how very pretty she is. Susie says her father makes a complete pet of her—I do not think it at all surprising—I am sure I should do the same thing, if I had not so many other children, and such a horror of partiality. I did not enjoy my call quite so much as I had anticipated, but I had a very pleasant walk with Sue that night, and then she slept with me and we talked half the night.

Wednesday morning Dolly Arnold came to Mr. Dean's, before school, to invite me to drink tea and spend the night with her mother. I found Mrs. Arnold inclined to claim me as a relative. She apologized for not having visited school or invited me there before, and said she knew she ought to have paid me more attention, since she was second cousin to my aunt Julia's first husband. She was somewhat disappointed because I could not tell her the particulars of his last illness: I knew nothing of him, as he died and aunt Julia married a second time, several years before I was born.

The very strangeness of everything at Mrs. Arnold's, made me enjoy my visit there. Another family live in the same house, so that Mrs. A. had very little room. She lamented that fact exceedingly, as she is totally unaccustomed to getting along without a "square room." She had done her best towards supplying the deficiency, by decorating the only room she has below stairs, in fine style, for that afternoon. She had tacked fashion plates, from old magazines, and all kinds of gay colored little pictures all about upon the walls, and filled a broken pitcher with asparagus and lilacs, to grace the bureau. She had dressed herself in a dark calico, which she told me she got for half price, because it was damaged, trimmed with white cotton edging. She was so perfectly satisfied with everything that I could not avoid telling her, I inferred she had a great deal of taste, from the pleasure her flowers and pictures gave her. I do think she has a great deal of her droll kind of taste, for it shows itself all about her house and garden. She has more poppies and double yellow marigolds in her flower bed, than anything else. She said that I must visit her again, when

they should be in blossom, and she would gather me a "proper nice bokwett." A bouquet of poppies and marigolds! What should I do with it?

Mrs. Arnold did not expect me to talk much, except to answer her questions. She catechised me pretty closely as to the price of everything I had about me, and was somewhat surprised I did not know the cost of my pencil, because it was a present.

She who considers herself a pattern for her daughter, so far as etiquette is concerned, would probably have been still more surprised had she known that I consider it very ill-mannered to ask the price of anything, unless of a very intimate friend or a vender of the article in question. She thought my pin was extravagantly dear, for she has one four times as large, which did not cost half so much.

When the matters of dress and taste had been discussed, it was quite time to get supper; this she did in a style very creditable to her housekeeping. She certainly is an excellent cook, and ought to have had a half dozen or more hearty men to have done justice to the ample supper, which she provided for herself, Dolly and me. She said her husband and sons were at work for Mr. Mortimer, and would not be at home till sunset.

After tea she talked of Dolly, who mortifies her very much by her ill-manners. She seems to think that the perfection of good breeding in a child, is to sit still and say yes, sir, or ma'am—no, sir, or ma'am, and thank you. Poor Dolly! she cannot sit still, it isn't in her nature, and she is constantly making mistakes as to the gender of those she addresses. If her mother would occasionally allow her to run naturally, I do believe she would not be so wild out of her sight. She is naturally almost as heedless as Fanny Moore, and has none of her pretty looks or winning ways. After Mrs. Arnold had told me of Dolly's capabilities in the housekeeping line, and her trials in preventing the girl's romping like a great boy, she talked of other things. She chatted as fast as possible, changing her subject frequently, till I was half tired of that which at first seemed very amusing.

When her husband came in, she introduced me quite pompously as "Miss Howard, my dear cousin William's neice." He seemed as much stiller than ordinary people, as she is

more talkative. Fortunately, for my credit, it was so nearly dark, when her three promising sons came in, that my face was not exposed.

"Miss school-marm, these are our Joe, Pete and Bill," said she, adding, in the same breath, "Now, all three on you go and clean your feet." Oh, how I wanted to laugh as the three backed out. They did not make their appearance again till the next morning at breakfast time.

During the morning Mrs. Arnold told me a multitude of things about housekeeping, by which, I presume, I shall profit when I stay at home to help mother, next fall. When I left her, she said she would visit school soon, and, true to her promise, she came the next day, bringing me a fine large bouquet of the gaudiest flowers she could obtain, with no green leaves to relieve their bright coloring.

Thursday night I went from school to Mr. Carter's. The more I see of Mrs. Carter, the better I like her. It is indeed a lovely family—I wish they lived nearer the school-house. I enjoyed every moment of the time I spent at their house—the evening was particularly pleasant, as Mr. Carter joined us, and we talked of authors and books. I was surprised to find them so well read, but well, they may be, since some one of the family reads aloud an hour and a half every Winter evening, and a half hour each Summer evening, unless prevented by some unusual circumstance. Interruptions are much more rare than they would be in the village. I requested that my presence might be no hindrance to the greatest pleasure of the evening. Without foolishly waiting to be teased, Mr. Carter took the book and read a pleasant, humorous sketch from Irving's pen; then we talked awhile, after which Mr. Carter requested me to favor them. I found pleasure in so doing, and by the time our next chat was concluded, it was time to retire.

Mrs. Arnold considers herself a much more notable housekeeper than Mrs. Carter, yet I could not avoid mentally comparing the two as I walked slowly to school yesterday morning. At Mr. Carter's there was no stir or bustle about the work, everything seemed done and well done, while Mrs. Carter did not appear worried or fretted at all. Household cares were not all she thought of, that was evident; she did not offer me any recipes, or tell me that she knew just the best way for pickling and

preserving. Her food was good, wholesome, and plentiful, but not foolishly abundant.

When I passed Mr. Mortimer's, Mrs. M— came out and wished me to promise to come here to tea, as she would send a boy for me, and the ride would be no more tiresome than a walk to Mr. Dean's. Accordingly, I came here, and spent the evening very pleasantly. Mrs. Mortimer asks my advice concerning Alice, as though I were her senior. I believe I do grow old fast here. Never mind, I shall go home, next week, and have a good game of romps with the children; I guess that will rejuvenate me.

It is quite time for me to join the family, as I must not forget that I am company here.

Saturday eve—9½ o'clock.

Immediately after school finished, to-night, I wrote little letters, in true letter shape, to each of the children at home; and was so fortunate as to see Mr. A— going directly to W—, so they will receive them to-night. Wouldn't I like to see them caper, when they get them? I expect they will be glad that I stay over Sunday, to-night, but I should not be surprised if they should miss me when they wish to get ready for church, in the morning.

As soon as supper was over, I went to Mr. Barnard's, to see Miss Sophy and Nellie. It was pleasant to see the sisters together, after their first lengthy separation. There was no fawning attention on the part of either, yet the whole air and tone of each told of the deep love they feel for each other. I half feared I should be an intruder, at first, but was soon put at my ease on that score. Nellie said they had just been speaking of me, and she heard me open the gate at the very instant she was expressing a wish to see me.

"I feel already acquainted," she continued, "for Sophy has mentioned you so frequently, in her late letters, that I cannot meet you as a stranger."

I intended to make a short call; but time glided away unheeded, and twilight found me lingering at Mr. Barnard's gate. Then Nellie came almost home with me, while Sophy was attending to the evening's household duties, and we parted with a mutual promise to send notes to each other, in Sophy's letters. I was not disappointed in Nellie. Now I wish, even more than before, that she had remained at home this summer. However, we shall get

nice acquainted, if we are not already, for we shall write as earnestly as we should talk, and she is coming home twice more this summer. I shall be more with Sophy than I should have been had Nellie been here all the while, and I presume she will influence me more, for good, than Nellie could do. I do love to go and sit and talk with her, while we both work as busily as bees. Nellie says she should like to stay at home, but she thinks it is better for her to be away awhile. She has a much smaller school than I. She has to "board round," though she has a place to call home very near the school-house. It is not much like home, she thinks. Mrs. Joy, the mistress of the family, has been so long an invalid that she probably would not know how to act as if well, if she felt so. Nellie says she has not seen her once this summer, when she has felt any better. Her constant reply, when any one inquires after her health, is—"I don't feel quite so well as I did yesterday;" after which comes an enumeration of the new aches and pains which have assailed her during the last twenty-four hours. A very uninteresting companion she must be; but Nellie says she pities more than blames her, and doubtless I should do the same were I acquainted with her. I am sure I pity the poor children, who are hardly allowed to speak a loud word, because "Ma is so nervous." One certainly has an opportunity to see both examples and warnings, by teaching school. I would try to be like Miss Sophy, if any aim, lower than my ideal of perfect womanhood, would satisfy me. I can certainly avoid Mrs. Dean's discontented spirit, aunt Bekky's sarcasm, Mrs. Arnold's self-sufficiency, and Mrs. Joy's want of energy, from having noticed those faults in others. I hope I may never be a more lenient judge of my own actions than of those of others.

Would you be exempt from uneasiness? do nothing you know or suspect to be wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, do everything in your power that you are convinced is right.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering Jew, sees nothing, from the dew drop to the ocean, but a mirror which warms and fills.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,
Go down i' the heavens of Freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em!

But never sit we down and say,
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wild wilderness to-day,
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming!
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide come up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good bark a-ground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long dark night of years
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears:
But our meek sufferance endeth!
The few shall not for ever sway,
The many moil in sorrow:
The powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten!
For lo! our day bursts up the skies:
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day,
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

Oh, youth! flame earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire,
Our yearning opens a portal!
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathed sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
Oh chivalry of labor!
Triumph and Toil are twins; and aye
Joy suns the cloud of Sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day,
Brings victory to-morrow.

AFRICAN SCENERY.

In the six hundred miles I traversed, whilst absent from the coast, my memory, after twenty-six years, leads me, from beginning to end, through an almost continuous forest-path. We struck a trail when we started, and we left it when we came home. It was rare, indeed, to encounter a cross road, except when it led to neighboring villages, water, or cultivated fields. So dense was the forest foliage, that we often walked for hours in shade without a glimpse of the sun. The emerald light that penetrated the wood bathed everything it touched with mellow refreshment. But we were repaid for this partial bliss by intense suffering when we came forth from the sanctuary into the bare valleys, the arid barrancas, and marshy savannas of an open region. There, the red eye of the African sun glared with merciless fervor. Everything reflected its rays. They struck us like lances from above, from below, from the sides, from the rocks, from the fields, from the stunted herbage, from the bushes. All was glare! Our eyes seemed to simmer in their sockets. Whenever the path followed the channel of a brook, whose dried torrents left bare the scorched and broken rocks, our feet fled from the ravine as from heated iron. Frequently, we entered extensive prairies, covered with blades of sword-grass, tall as our heads, whose jagged edges tore us like saws, though we protected our faces with masks of wattled willows. And yet, after all these discomforts, how often are my dreams haunted by charming pictures of natural scenery that have fastened themselves for ever in my memory!

As the traveller along the coast turns the prow of his canoe through the surf, and crosses the angry bar that guards the mouth of an African river, he suddenly finds himself moving calmly onward between sedgy shores, buried in mangroves. Presently, the scene expands in the unruffled mirror of a deep, majestic stream. Its lofty banks are covered by innumerable varieties of the tallest forest trees, from whose summits a trailing net-work of vines and flowers floats down and sweeps the passing current. A stranger who beholds this scenery for the first time is struck by the immense size, the prolific abundance, and gorgeous verdure of everything. Leaves, large

enough for garments, lie piled and motionless in the lazy air. The bamboo and cane shake their slender spears and pennant leaves as the stream ripples among their roots. Beneath the massive trunks of forest trees, the country opens; and, in vistas through the wood, the traveller sees innumerable fields lying fallow in grass, or waving with harvests of rice and cassava, broken by golden clusters of Indian corn. Anon, groups of oranges, lemons, coffee-trees, plantains, and bananas, are crossed by the tall stems of cocoas, and arched by the broad and drooping coronals of royal palm. Beyond this, capping the summit of a hill, may be seen the conical huts of natives, bordered by fresh pastures dotted with flocks of sheep and goats, or covered by numbers of the sleekest cattle. As you leave the coast, and shoot round the river-curves of this fragrant wilderness teeming with flowers, vocal with birds, and gay with their radiant plumage, you plunge into the interior, where the rising country slowly expands into hills and mountains.

The forest is varied. Sometimes it is a matted pile of tree, vine, and bramble, obscuring everything, and impervious save with knife and hatchet. At others, it is a Gothic temple. The sward spreads openly for miles on every side, while, from its even surface, the trunks of straight and massive trees rise to a prodigious height, clear from every obstruction, till their gigantic limbs, like the capitals of columns, mingle their foliage in a roof of perpetual verdure.

At length, the hills are reached, and the lowland heat is tempered by mountain freshness. The scene that may be beheld from almost any elevation, is always beautiful, and sometimes grand. Forest, of course, prevails; yet, with a glass, and often by the unaided eye, gentle hills, swelling from the wooded landscape, may be seen covered with native huts, whose neighborhood is checkered with patches of sward and cultivation, and inclosed by massive belts of primeval wildness. Such is commonly the westward view; but north and east, as far as vision extends, noble outlines of hill and mountain may be traced against the sky, lapping each other with their mighty folds until they fade away in the azure horizon.

When a view like this is beheld, at morning, in the neighborhood of rivers, a dense mist

will be observed lying beneath the spectator in a solid stratum, refracting the light now breaking from the east. Here and there, in this lake of vapor, the tops of hills peer up like green islands in a golden sea. But, ere you have time to let fancy run riot, the "cloud compelling" orb lifts its disc over the mountains, and the fogs of the valley, like ghosts at cock crow, flit from the dells they have haunted since nightfall. Presently, the sun is out in his terrible splendor. Africa unveils to her master, and the blue sky and green forest blaze and quiver with his beams.—*Captain Canot.*

TOMBSTONE POETRY.

There are some singular epitaphs to be found scattered over the multitudinous tombstones of English graveyards. Rural bards, who attempted in vain to immortalize themselves by a dignified occupation of the "Poet's Corner," in *Village Magazine* or *Country Chronicle*, have at length attained the summit of their ambition, by having their verses recorded on enduring stone. Incognito to the rest of the world, but the pride of their own family, and the wonder of a small circle of ignorant admirers, they exult in their local renown, and regard with supreme scorn any daring critic who should seek to quench the fire of their genius.

St. Phillip's churchyard, Birmingham, contains the following happy specimen of what may be termed the Hibernian sentimental:

Oh! cruel death, how could you be so unkind
To take him before, and leave me behind?
You should have taken both of us, if either,
Which would have been more pleasing to the survivor!

One Ann Collins had the misfortune to fall into a cask of beer in the neighborhood of the village of King Stanley, and the coroner's jury having brought in a verdict of found drowned, the village poet—some despairing lover, perhaps—thus records upon her tomb the sad story of her fate:—

'Twas as she tripped from cask to cask,
In at a bung-hole quickly fell;
Suffocation was her task,—
"She had no time to say farewell."

There are two points in this painfully pathetic epitaph, which strike us as apocryphal. First, that the unhappy lady should have fallen through a bung-hole, and secondly, that she should have made it "*her task*" to suffocate

when we should have thought it her duty to scramble out. The falling through the bung-hole may possibly have been true—we say "possibly," because the story is rather hard of credence, but as we recollect having once seen written upon a goodly cask exposed in front of a store, the words, "For sail," and underneath in a different hand, "For freight and passage enquire at the bung-hole," it was quite as possible for Ann Collins to fall through the bung-hole, and get drowned as for an individual to respond from a bung-hole, in answer to some anxious emigrants enquiring for freight and passage. It is a question for the casuists, and to them we leave it.

The following, which is still to be found in Braunston churchyard, is a rare example of the anti-orthographical—the semi-cynical, the apologetical and the pious. William Borrowes thus confesses himself to posterity:—

'Tis true I led a single life,
I nare was married in my life;
For of that sex I nare had none—
It is the Lord; His will be done.

As a counterpart to the above, Stepney churchyard contains the coarse effusion of a man who certainly *had* been married. Whether his deceased spouse had been the "cream" of one "Tartar," and the "salt" of another, is now unknown to the world, but the widower expresses himself as if greatly relieved. Whatever she may have been, her epitaph stamps him an irreligious brute. But here it is:—

My wife she's dead, and here she lies;
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries;
Where she's gone, and how she fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

Our next is one which was formerly to be found in Ashburton churchyard. But the bitter sarcasm it flung in the face of the vicar and the gentry, has led to its removal:—

Here I lie at the chancel door;
Here I lie, *because I am poor*;
The farther in the more you pay!
Here lie I as warm as they.

Diogenes might have written that. It is wholly in his cynical and sarcastic vein.

To the next we lift our beaver with reverence, and with it we appropriately close this article. It may yet be found in Portsea cemetery:—

What was she?
What every good woman ought to be,
That was she.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

CANON OF CRITICISM.—The Cardinal de Retz asked Menage, one day, to give him some idea of poetry, that he might be able to form a sort of judgment of the mass that was brought to him.

"Sir," said Menage, "this is a matter that would occupy more time than you could spare; but I'll tell you what you may do. Whenever they read any of their poems to you, say, at a venture, 'That's very bad'—you'll seldom be wrong."

REDEEMING TIME.—Dean Swift, when he claimed, at the usual time, the degree of A. B., was so deficient as to obtain it only by "special favor," a term used to denote want of merit. Of this disgrace he was so ashamed that he resolved from that time to study eight hours a day, and continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is sufficiently known. This part of his history deserves to be remembered; it may afford useful admonition to young men, whose abilities have been made, for a time, useless by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair.

STUART.—This American painter was remarkable for his conversational powers. He had a penetrating mind, a retentive memory, a fluent tongue, and the power of adapting his discourse to all classes of his customers in a manner that was truly wonderful. While President Madison was sitting to Stuart for his portrait, the artist turned the stream of conversation on political affairs, and drew largely on his resources for facts and arguments on topics most interesting to his distinguished patron. Madison was so surprised and delighted with his conversation, that, on parting with him, he said—

"Mr. Stuart, before I came here, I expected I should find you a skilful painter, as indeed I have; but, sir, little did I think I should find in you such eminent statesmanship and artistic excellence combined!"

A FOX STORY.—One of the drollest incidents in fox hunting was that at Newry, in Ireland, when, being pursued very hotly, the fox leaped

on to the top of a turf-stack, where he laid himself down quite flat. At last, one of the hounds perceived him, and he was obliged again to run. After this, he climbed up a stone wall, whence he sprang on to the roof of a cabin near by, and mounting to the chimney top, from thence inspected his enemies. An old hound, however, followed him, and was on the point of seizing him, when Reynard dropped down the chimney into the lap of an old woman, who was smoking her pipe at the corner. The hound did not dare to follow, but the sportsmen came up, and entering the cabin, found it in possession of the fox; the frightened woman and children huddled into one corner, and the fox (who was taken alive) grinning at them.

ATTENTION THE COURT.—A friend of ours has just been mentioning that on one occasion he was addressing "the court," at the bar of one of the Middle States, upon the subject of great moment to his client, when his attention was arrested by a singular circumstance. He observed that when he dwelt upon the particular point of his argument, which he wished especially to enforce, "the court's head went down behind his elevated desk, and presently rose again. Changing his position slightly, he saw the mystery of this singular occurrence; and when, soon after, it was repeated, he paused in his remarks, and said—

"When 'the court' has finished eating its watermelon, I shall proceed with my argument, not without the hope of being at least partially heard!"

A PERPLEXED IRISHMAN.—A few days since, a gentleman, connected with one of our railroad corporations, while taking a ride through one of our country towns, accompanied by his Irish servant, had the misfortune to have his vehicle smashed up, and himself and companion thrown violently to the ground, by his horse taking fright and running away. The gentleman was somewhat bruised, but not seriously, his principal loss being that of his wig, which had been shaken off; and on picking himself up, he found Pat in a much worse condition, holding on to his head with the blood trickling through his finger, and his master's wig in his other hand, which he was

surveying with the most ludicrous alarm and horror.

"Well, Pat," said his master, "are you much hurt?"

"Hurt is it! Ah! master dear, do you see the top of my head in my hand?"

Pat, in his terror and confusion, had mistaken his master's portable head-piece for his own natural scalp, and evidently regarded his last hour as arrived.

A RICH SCENE.—The following rich scene recently occurred, in one of our courts of justice, between the judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam:—

Judge.—What's your native language?

Witness.—I pe no native; I's a Dootchman.

Judge.—What's your mother tongue?

Witness.—Oh! fader say she pe all tongue.

Judge (in an irritable tone).—What language did you speak at the cradle?

Witness.—I tid not speak no language in de cradle at all; I only cried in Dootch.

Then there was a general laugh, in which the judge, jury and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.

The following was told by the late eminent poet Wordsworth to a gentleman who happened to quote from his (Wordsworth's) beautiful address to the stock-dove:—"He said, once, in a wood, Mrs. Wordsworth and a lady were walking, when the stock-dove was cooing. A farmer's wife coming by, said to herself, 'Oh! I do like stock-doves!' Mrs. Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for Wordsworth's poetry, took the old woman to her heart; 'but,' continued the old woman, 'some like them in a pie; for my part, there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions!'"

A witty clergyman had been lecturing one evening in a country village, on the subject of temperance, and, as usual, after the lecture the pledge was passed around for signatures. "Pass it along that way," said the lecturer, pointing towards a gang of bloated and red-nosed loafers near the door. "Pass it along, perhaps some of those gentlemen would like to join our cause." "We don't bite at a bare hook," gruffly muttered one of the rummies. "Well," replied the ready clergyman, "I believe there is a kind of fish called suckers that do not bite."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Nothing like water for an honest thirst.

He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of man.

What men want of reason for their opinions, they usually supply and make up in rage.

Manners make the man, but smartness the money.

To despond at difficulty, discovers want of stability; to despair at danger, want of courage.

A want of confidence has kept many a man silent. A want of sense has made many persons talkative.

Truth is the only real lasting foundation for friendship. In all but truth there is a principle of decay and dissimulation.

Adversity overcome, is the brightest glory; and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue. Sufferings are but the trials of valiant spirits.

The stability and permanency of our government depends on the integrity and morality of the people.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this—that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

Many are ambitious of saying grand things; that is, of being grandiloquent. Eloquence is speaking out—a quality few esteem and fewer aim at.

One can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was gold or brass by which the stamp was made.

When a man dies, people generally inquire, "What property has he left behind him?" The angels will ask, "What good deeds has he sent before him?"

The science of legislation is like that of medicine in one respect—that it is far more easy to point out what will do harm than what will do good.

Affection, like Spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

He who thinks he can find within himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.



No. 1.



No. 2.

MANTALET.

No. 1 represents a black lace Mantalet, lined with lilac silk, and trimmed with a row of broad black lace, set on full, and headed by a

quilling of lilac ribbon. This mantalet is small, and especially adapted to carriage costume.

No. 2 is of brown or black silk or satin, according to the fancy of the wearer.

THE AFRICAN AT HOME.

A journey to the interior of Africa would be a rural jaunt, were it not so often endangered by the perils of war. The African may fairly be characterized as a shepherd, whose pastoral life is varied by a little agriculture, and the conflicts into which he is seduced, either by family quarrels, or the natural passions of his blood. His country, though uncivilized, is not so absolutely wild as is generally supposed. The gradual extension of Mahometanism throughout the interior is slowly but evidently modifying the Negro. An African Mussulman is still a warrior, for the dissemination of faith as well as for the gratification of avarice; yet the Prophet's laws are so much more genial than the precepts of paganism, that, within the last half century, the humanizing influence of the Koran is acknowledged by all who are acquainted with the interior tribes.

But in all the changes that may come over the spirit of man in Africa, her magnificent

external nature will for ever remain the same. A little labor teems with vast returns. The climate exacts nothing but shade from the sun and shelter from the storm. Its oppressive heat forbids a toilsome industry, and almost enforces indolence as a law. With every want supplied, without the allurements of social rivalry, without the temptations of national ambition or personal pride, what has the African to do in his forest of palm and cocoa, his grove of orange, pomegranate and fig, on his mat of comfortable repose, where the fruit stoops to his lips without a struggle for the prize, save to brood over, or gratify, the electric passions with which his soul seems charged to bursting!

It is an interesting task to travel through a continent filled with such people, whose minds are just beginning, here and there, to emerge from the vilest heathenism, and to glimmer with a faith that bears wrapped in its unfolded leaves the seeds of a modified civilization.—*Captain Canot.*

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

A pleasant call—"Dinner's ready, if you please, sir."

An unpleasant call—"I just called, sir, to see if you could settle my little bill."

A late waggish printer, while on his death-bed, was requested to be composed. "Distributed you mean," was his faint reply.

An apothecary in Salem, Mass., has written over his door—"All kinds of 'dyeing stuffs' for sale here."

A Quaker said to a gunner:—"Friend, I counsel no bloodshed; but if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."

The longest lived people known are those who collect bills for editors. Their constant exercise and anticipation conduce greatly, we suspect, to their length of days.

An English paper semi-jocosely says that roast beef, serenity of mind, a pretty wife, and cold water baths, will make almost any man "healthy, wealthy and wise."

"Would you not have known this boy to be my son from his resemblance to me?" asked a gentleman. Mr. Curran answered—"Yes, sir; the maker's name is stamped upon the blade."

An attorney about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as he could." "Ah," replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

A clergyman catechising the scholars in a Wisconsin Sunday school, asked a little boy how he thought Jonah felt while in the whale's belly? "Pretty well down in the mouth, sir," was the prompt reply.

A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very unpopular man, put the usual question—"Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes, said the sick man. "I am glad of that," said the deacon, "for all the neighbors are willing."

On the late ascension of an aeronaut, a gentleman requested to be allowed to accompany him into the aerial regions. "Are you good tempered?" asked the aeronaut. "I believe so," said the other, "but why do you ask the question?" "For fear we may fall out on the way."

A widow once said to her daughter, "when you are at my age, it will be time enough to dream of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless girl, "for a second time." The mother fainted.

The young woman who ate a dozen peaches, half a dozen apples, the same number of pears, three raw tomatoes, and half a pint of plums, within half a day, says she knows "fruit ain't wholesome."

A soldier boasted to Julius Cæsar of the many wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar, knowing him to be a coward, said to him—"The next time you run away, you had better take care how you look behind you."

A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "You are mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply; "'tis not I, 'tis my creditors who are embarrassed."

The editor of the Times inquired of Hood one day what he thought of his paper. "I like it all," said the punster, "but some of it is broken English." The editor stared, and asked for an explanation. "Why, the list of bankrupts, to be sure."

A lady walking with her husband on the beach, inquired of him the difference between exportation and transportation. "Why, my dear," replied he, "if you were on board yonder vessel, you would be exported, and I should be transported."

An old lady once said that her idea of a great man was, "a man who was keeferful of his clothes, don't drink of spirits, kin read his Bible without spelling the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on wash days, to save the wimmen folks the trouble of cooking."

The London Punch says:—"It appears that the Sandwich Islands have recently become annexed to America. The natives, no doubt, knew from conviction on which side their bread was buttered, and asked the United States if they would like to take a Sandwich."

A bluff country farmer meeting the parson of the parish in a bye-lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erect chest, told him that he was better fed than taught. "Very true, indeed, sir, for you teach me, and I feed myself," was the reply.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

CHAT WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—

A fair correspondent, writing in some doubt as to her future, yet striving to maintain a hopeful heart, says:—"It is my opinion that any one who perseveres in a right spirit, for an end not wrong, will certainly succeed. Is this your opinion?" We answer, that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to know, certainly, what are our true ends in life. We may deem them, from superficial examination, pure and noble, when, in fact, they are darkly stained with selfishness. Only that Being who sees into the secret chambers of the heart, can know the hidden springs of action, and He, as the experience of every one proves, "leads us by a way that we know not." But, taking it for granted that the end is right, still, success in the direction sought might not be for our highest good, because, in our partial judgment, we are not always able to determine what is for the best. To all such as our enquiring correspondent we would say, do each day faithfully the work your hands find to do, being especially careful not to let hope in the future rob the present of a single effort. Do this, day by day, yet have your good ends to accomplish, and work towards them. If all does not come out as you desire, be sure that any thwarting of your ends has been for the accomplishments of life-results, far more to be desired than the ones you failed to attain.

The letter of another correspondent bears, in a measure, upon the same subject. She has lived longer, borne and suffered more, and attained to some deeper life-experiences. We make free to copy from her letter a passage not meant for the eyes of our readers. She says:—

"This summer has been a trying one to weak frames, and I have suffered much from the disorderly influences caused by ill health. It is natural, I believe, in persons of nervous temperament, to look with doubt to the future, very difficult to feel that all is arranged for the best, so that we ought to be *happy*; not only *resigned*, but *rejoicing* in the certainty that we can never do so well for ourselves as Providence orders for us. We should then learn to bear our pains as purification from *evils* which ought to be our only real sorrow. I have found

this a hard lesson to learn—found it very difficult to feel that my widowed, dependent, diseased condition was necessary for me on account of the perfect adaptations of our Lord's dealings to the states of men. I have wished, as it were, to help Providence along—have felt sickening anxiety about the future of my children, but I am learning, I think, 'in patience to possess my soul;' to believe, as a dear friend tells me, that 'the future should be a succession of well-regulated nows;' and then, however wearisome the way, the darkness will by little and little be dispersed, and our natural states be changed into the spiritual and holy—our mortal put on immortality. Shall I apologize for occupying your time with my own feelings? I do not feel that you will think it necessary."

Many striving, doubting, suffering hearts will be moved by the above! Many, in the pious resignation of the writer, will find hope and strength for their own tried spirits.

One of our valued contributors is thus described in a letter from a brother editor in Ohio. We must omit the name of said contributor, as she is too true a woman in heart to bear, without painful shrinking, such a public reference. Our readers can do their own guessing. "Last week," he writes, "I visited my old home in Trumbull county, and had a delightful interview with your correspondent, Mrs. —, who is a very dear personal friend of mine. Perhaps, you have not seen her. She is of a slight, ethereal make, wavy auburn hair, thin, pale face, and *such* full, soul-speaking eyes! we might almost expect to see her floating off, with a bevy of angels, some evening!"

Yes, we have seen her, many times, and claim her also as a personal friend. Highly gifted she is, and pure as gifted. A true, noble-hearted woman!

"I have not the time to waste in repinings, vainly brooding over disappointment," are the brave words of a fair, young correspondent, whose article we declined. How different this, in spirit, from the despondency, or anger, with which the exercise of our independent editorial

judgment is often met. In deciding upon articles submitted for publication, we cannot permit the wants or wishes of the writer to influence us. Our responsibility is to the readers of our publications, and we never permit ourselves to forget this responsibility, although sometimes sorely tempted, as we were in the case of our correspondent just quoted.

SUBURBAN AND COUNTRY HOUSES—We have a word or two to say to our city and country friends, which, on a question of taste, may not prove wholly unserviceable to them. In days long past, a bare house in a bare field was the rule of country building, and shade and ornament the exception. There was, however, a reason for this during the early period of settlement in America, which we are happy to say does not obtain now. At that period men built roughly of logs or stone, partly because their necessities impelled them to do so, and partly because a certain degree of strength in the dwelling was necessary as a security against outlying savages. It was for this reason also that the space around the house was cleared of forest trees, in order that they should not afford a shelter from behind which concealed foes might shoot down almost with impunity the unsuspecting members of the rude homestead. When, however, the occasion for this bareness of aspect around the rural dwelling ceased, habit had rendered the farmer indifferent to the value of verdant lawns and embowering shades, and as the square or parallelogram was the easiest method of building, and whitewash a cheap substitute for paint, he continued to tread in the footsteps of his forefathers, and contented himself with being the possessor of a bare white house upon a plain green field.

Latterly, however, through the judicious labors of the lamented Downing, a better taste is beginning to prevail. Men no longer cut down their trees and then build a house in the midst of unsightly stumps, but clear out the undergrowth, and break up the woodland into picturesque openings, through which a fine view may possibly be had of a clear winding stream, or an inland scene of rare beauty mapped out into well cultivated farms, and dotted here and there with neat farm-houses and their customary adjuncts. Many judicious persons have also found out by this time that there is little or no economy in whitewash—that it requires

constantly renewing and rarely looks well for more than a month or two, even in situations most appropriate to its use. Notwithstanding the first cost, oil paint will in the long run be found much the most economical—not white paint—but any of the various shades of drab, grey, buff, fawn, cream, and such like. White houses, with French green blinds, are an abomination in the eye of good taste, and are never allowable in a landscape at all, unless when deeply embowering foliage softens the glare of the white and subdues it to a pearly tinge. But many of those modern builders, whose good sense have led them to reject white as a color for dwelling houses, have leaped to the other extreme in the scale of color, and adopted a brown pigment, a color that does not harmonize with the surrounding greenery, and which forms at a little distance a dark blotch on the landscape. If our friends would be advised by us, they would paint the body of their dwelling of a light cream, fawn or drab, the facings, cornices and columns, several shades darker—say oak or brown—and their shutters, if shutters they have, two or three shades darker still. By this means they would have the satisfaction of extending the principles of good taste, and of adding, at the same time, a fine feature to the surrounding landscape. We say nothing in this article of shade trees, lawns and gravel walks, all of which are indispensable to the beauty of a country residence, but will in a future paper recur to this most pleasing and not unimportant subject.

NEW MUSIC.—"Light Sparks for the Piano," by James Bellak, is the general title under which Mr. J. E. Gould, No. 164 Chestnut street, has published a series of twenty choice pieces of music, both operatic and miscellaneous. Among them may be mentioned the "Postilion Waltz," "Beatrice di Tenda," "Stradella," "Kemo Kimo Waltz," "Plain Cotillion," "Sweet Answer Waltz," "Grey Eagle Schottish," "Clara Waltz," "Mason and Blacksmith," "Drum Waltz," "Loving Heart Schottish," &c., &c. The style in which this music is published, like all the issues of Mr. Gould, is neat and attractive, creditable alike to the house from which it emanates, and the talented composer who arranged the pieces. We again take occasion to direct the attention of all

purchasers of music or musical instruments to the extensive establishment of Mr. Gould, the largest in our city, where everything new may be obtained immediately on its publication. The stock of both instruments and music is extensive, and all who purchase at this house may be sure of fair dealings.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS NUMBER.

GUESS MY NAME?—A story is told of an English peasant who determine on emigrating to the United States, and leaving behind him his young wife, whose imagination had become so excited by stories of savage Indians, that no argument or persuasion could induce her to venture across the ocean. Both thought they could bear the separation very well; but scarcely had the vessel which bore her good man away left the shores of his native country, ere the wife was disconsolate; and by the next ship, fearless of the bloody Indians, whom she had fancied were every where to be found in the New World, was on her way to America. Fortunately, on her arrival, she learned where her husband, who had obtained employment on a farm not very far distant, was to be found. He, poor man, was sad enough without his partner. In the picture he is represented as writing her a most glowing description of his new home; and urging her to come over and join him immediately, little imagining that she was already near him. Her "Guess who it is?" bewildered his mind for a moment; in the next instant she was in his arms. The surprise of the farmer's children, and the pleasure of the sturdy farmer himself, who comprehended the scene, are well expressed by the artist.

ITALIAN WOLF-DOGS are described in another part of this number.

POPE'S TREE.—The village of Benfield, in Berkshire, England, situated about seven miles west of Windsor, and within the precincts of the forest, is remarkable for having been the residence of Alexander Pope, during his early years. The father of the poet, having accumulated a considerable fortune by business in London, retired to this place during the infancy of his son, and here purchased a house and estate. Speaking of this house, which although much altered from its original state, is still standing, Pope calls it—

—My paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a row,
And, like its master, very low.

About half a mile from the house an interesting memorial of the poet remains, or at least did so, a few years since. There is here a fine grove of beeches, pleasantly situated on the gentle slope of a hill, which commands an agreeable though not extensive view of the surrounding country. The grove was a favorite resort of Pope's, who is said to have composed many of his earlier pieces sitting under the shade of one of the trees, below which a seat was then placed. The recollection of this circumstance was preserved by Lady Gower, an admirer of the poet, who caused the words, "Here Pope Sung," to be cut in large letters in the bark at some height above the ground. Some years ago this tree was badly injured by a storm; its appearance, as then presented, will be seen in the engraving.

FALL FASHIONS.

As most of our fair readers are interested in the fashions that from time to time prevail, we have made arrangements to give, each month, one or more engravings, showing the newest and most elegant styles of dress. In this number we give two drawings of the Fall fashions.

In Figure 1, the principal article to which attention is directed, is a new style of cloak, or mantilla, from the establishment of Slingerland & M'Farland, 296 Broadway, New York. This was engraved for our September issue, but reached us too late to go in that number. The material of this cloak, which has received the name of "The Julia," is Moire Antique, satin, or other rich material; according to the fancy of the wearer. A trimming of black and brown velvet galoon surrounds the garment, sweeping back in front to each shoulder, giving beautiful effect to the figure. Four rich fancy buttons with pendants ornament the front. The back which is loose, so as to show the figure in front, is plaited into a yoke, and falls in folds to the bottom. This is one of the most popular cloaks of the season.

Figure 2 represents "The Alice," another elegant cloak from the same extensive establishment. This is made of purple satin, trimmed with figured galoon and velvet flowers. It laces under the arms, showing the figure in front and back. There is a tassel on the collar, and two or three on the lower part of the waist. It is folded on the arms with cords and tassels of entirely new designs.

This cloak is also one of the richest of the season; and is made of various materials to suit the fancy of the wearer.

The collars of both these elegant cloaks are dark green, brown, drab, or blue, as the wearer may choose.

The house of Slingerland & M'Farland, No. 296 Broadway, New York, from which these styles emanate, is one of the largest and most reliable in the country both as importers and manufacturers of ladies' shawls, cloaks, mantillas, talmas, embroideries, silk goods, &c. &c.

OAKFORD'S FALL FASHIONS.—We give on our last page this month, the fashion for hats and caps as issued by Charles Oakford, the celebrated hatter, whose splendid establishment at 158 Chestnut street, is one of the "lions" of Philadelphia. The superiority of his fabrics, and the elegance of his styles, have made him known all over the Union, as well as in other countries, and now there is probably no hatter in America, who does so large an export trade, or whose name is better or more extensively known in the crown of hats over this entire continent. We annex a description of his FALL fashions.

No. 1. Full dress chapeau—For commandants of Navy.

No. 2. Young Gents' hat—Quarter view.

No. 3. " " " Side "

No. 4. " " " Front "

No. 5. Gentlemen's hat—Front view.

No. 6. " " " Side "

No. 7. " " " Quarter "

No. 8. New style cap—Sun flower pattern.

No. 9. " " " Polish "

No. 10. Ladies' riding hat—entirely new style.

No. 11. Ladies' chapeau D'Amazon.

No. 12. Child's cap—of fine colored silk.

No. 13. Young Gent's cap—of fine cloth, bound round the body and front.

No. 14. Boy's hat—Binding and band, rich velvet; material black beaver or silk.

No. 15. Child's casquette, with plume—Instead of binding, a fine beaver nap runs from the edge on upper and under side of brim, 1½ inches wide; this has a beautiful effect.

No. 16. Boy's or Child's cap—of beaver or cassimere. The whole appearance of this article is quite a novelty; the crown falling over on the left side, with the brim on same side heavily rolled and gracefully curled on the right with silk plaited cord, covering over the front from right to left side, from which hangs

a beautiful tassel. This will be a decidedly popular hat.

No. 17. Gentlemen's cloth travelling cap.

No. 18. Full dress army cap—for officers.

No. 19. Naval officer's undress cap.

TO OUR READERS.

In completing Mr. Dickens' story of "Hard Times," we are obliged to devote a larger space in this number than we are in the habit of giving to a single article; but the deep interest of the concluding portion will compensate for the lack of our usual variety. When we commenced *Hard Times*, we did not suppose that it would extend to so great a length. It was our intention to begin our own story—"The Good Time Coming," in this number; but two causes have prevented our doing so,—one, the length of *Hard Times*, and the other, severe illness, which rendered the task of writing impossible. Six weeks of physical and mental prostration have interfered sadly with our literary work, and now there is no alternative left but to delay our promised story until the fifth volume, which begins in Jan. 1855. We are sure that not a single subscriber to the "Home Magazine" will object. Until we fully regain our health, we cannot resume the more absorbing and exhausting labors that sickness compelled us for a time to abandon. We are warned, too, by many indications, that our system has been greatly overtasked, and that, in the future, we must spare our strength if we would prolong our labor.

Encouraged by the very large increase of our subscription list this year—it has more than doubled since the commencement of 1854—we are now making arrangements for greatly improving the typographical appearance of the *Home Magazine*. The next volume will be printed on entirely new type—the reading matter will be increased—while a larger number of choice illustrations will add beauty and interest to the work. The price will remain the same as now, for our purpose is to keep the terms so low, that every one who desires to receive the monthly visits of a first class Magazine, may do so at a cost merely nominal. Remember that a club of four persons can receive the "Home Magazine" for one year at the small cost of only \$1 25 each. Where else can so much reading matter of a like character be obtained for so small a sum?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

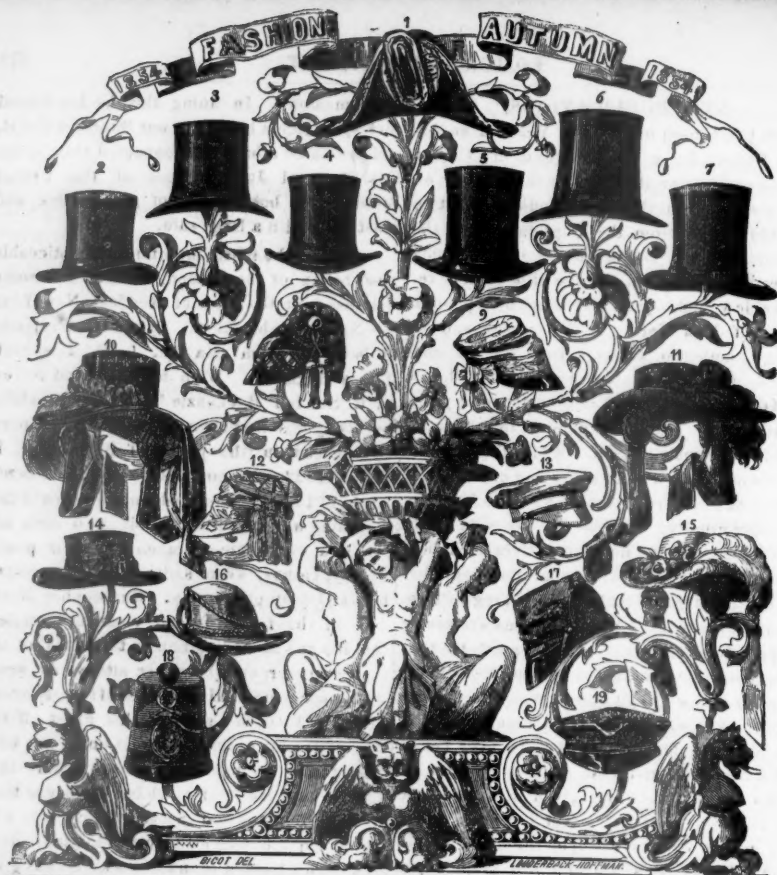
"Captain Canot; or, Twenty Years in an African Slave: Being an account of his Career and Adventures on the Coast, in the Interior, on Shipboard and in the West Indies. Written out and edited from the Captain's Journals, Memoranda and Conversations. By Brantz Mayer." We give in full the title of this remarkable volume, just published by Appleton & Co., of New York. A few weeks ago we made a number of extracts from the advance sheets. Captain Canot, as was then stated, is a veritable personage, and resided for some years in Baltimore. His narrative may, therefore, be taken in the main as true. While the book is a romance in itself of an absorbing character, it reveals the horrors of the slave trade in all its revolting cruelty. For twenty years in daily intercourse with the debased natives of Africa, Captain Canot's knowledge of the degraded population of that thickly inhabited region from whence thousands of human victims are yearly dragged into perpetual slavery, must be thorough, and his revelations of the first importance to the world at this time. No one, we believe, who was for so long a time engaged in the wicked traffic on the coast, has ever before lifted the dark veil that shut down over his deeds. The revelations given will not lessen our abhorrence of the slaver's crimes, or our pity for the victims of superstition and lust of gold. The editor's graceful and graphic pen has heightened the interest of the volume.

—A volume, acceptable not only to the legal profession, but to American citizens generally, has just been published by Charles Scribner, entitled "Sketches of the Lives and Judicial Services of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. By George Van Santvoord." There have been, up to this time, five Chief Justices of the United States—John Jay, John Rutledge, Oliver Ellsworth, John Marshall and Roger B. Taney, the present incumbent. Of these, singular as the fact may seem, only one, Mr. Jay, has been the subject of anything like a complete biography. The present work, comprised in an octavo volume of over five hundred pages, is therefore a desideratum in our literature, and will fill up the gap which has so long existed in private as well as professional libraries. In the execution of his task, the author has restricted, within narrow limits, the personal biographies, and given larger space and more particular attention to the judicial history and professional career of the distinguished jurists who form the subject

of his memoirs. In doing this, he has traced something like a history of our Supreme Court, and presented a brief but connected view of the Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States. The book is one of great value, and must meet with a large sale.

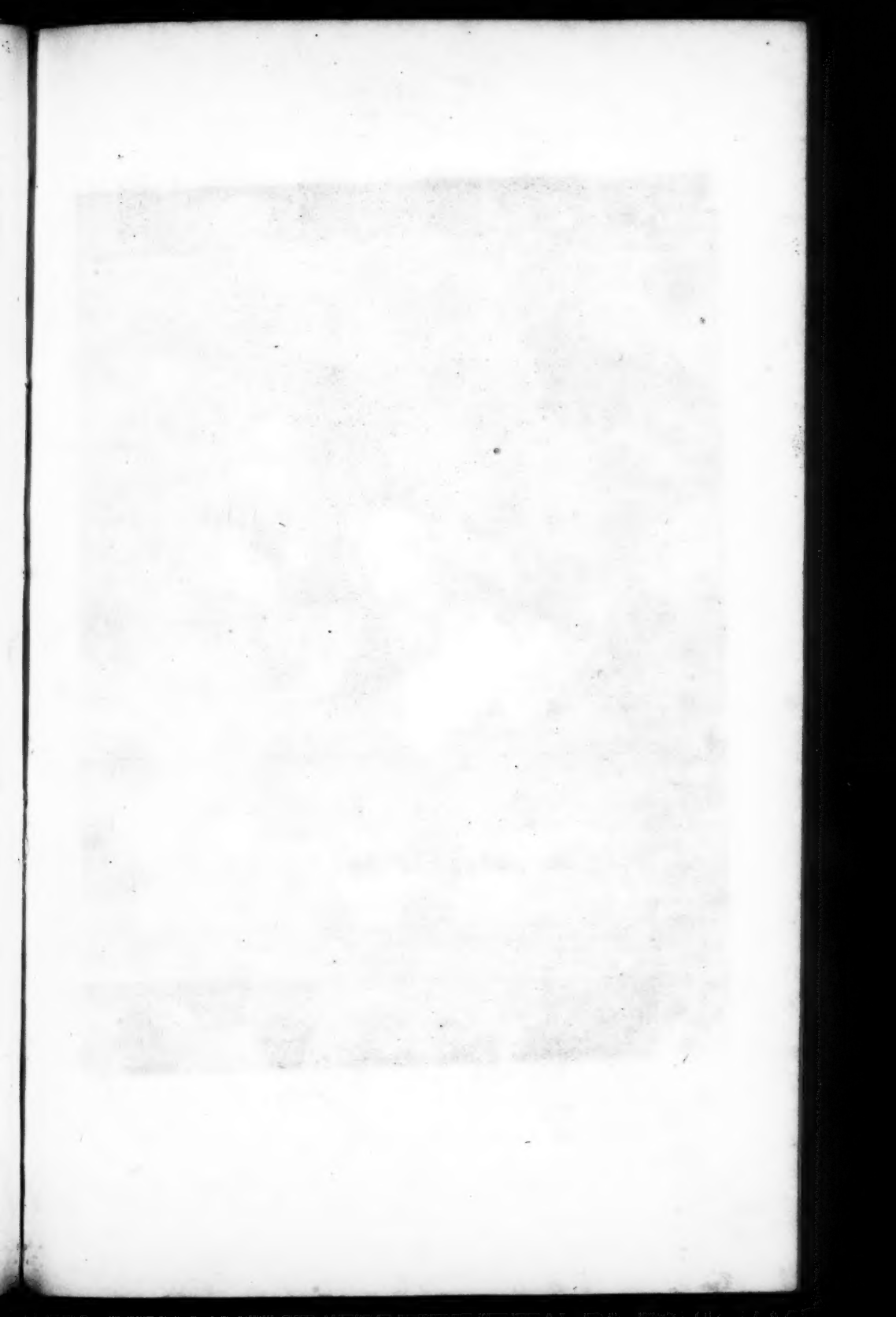
—Among the most important and noticeable new books of the season, are five handsome volumes from the press of Redfield, New York—"Noctes Ambrosiæ." By the late Professor Wilson, and Wm. Maginn, J. G. Lockhart, James Hogg, &c. With Memoirs and Notes, by R. Shelton Mackenzie." It is now about twenty years since these remarkable papers, commenced in the pages of Blackwood, in March, 1822, were completed, and there is not a man of literary taste to whom the pages of this magazine were then accessible, who does not retain a vivid remembrance of their poetic beauty, pathos, keen satire, personal portraiture and deep philosophy. Christopher North was in the freshness and vigor of intellectual life and in association with minds of the highest power; and he never afterwards wrote with greater spirit. His portions of the "Noctes" embrace, therefore, some of his finest efforts. The editorship of these volumes could not have been placed in more appropriate hands than those of Mr. Mackenzie, whose literary antecedents in England and Scotland gave him a familiar acquaintance with most of the individuals and events treated of in the work. He has given additional value to these volumes by furnishing memoirs of Wilson, Lockhart, Hogg and Maginn, the accredited authors of the "Noctes;" also by introducing the celebrated "Chaldee Manuscript," which first brought Blackwood into notice, and which, in consequence of its sharp satire, was suppressed as soon as published. The only copy of this singular *jeu d'esprit*, which even Mr. Mackenzie ever saw, was that from which the present reprint is made. The volumes also contain the series of articles entitled "Christopher in his Tent," never before published in this country, and a history of Blackwood's Magazine. We may remark that these volumes are not reprints, but American copyright books. The literary public are therefore indebted to the enterprise and liberality of an American publisher for the first complete edition of the celebrated "Noctes Ambrosiæ" that has appeared.

—Lindsay & Blackiston have published a volume of Cummings' Minor Works. It contains "The Finger of God;" "Christ our Passover," and "The Comforter."



Charles Oakford
 LEADER OF FASHIONS 158 CHESNUT ST
 PHILADELPHIA







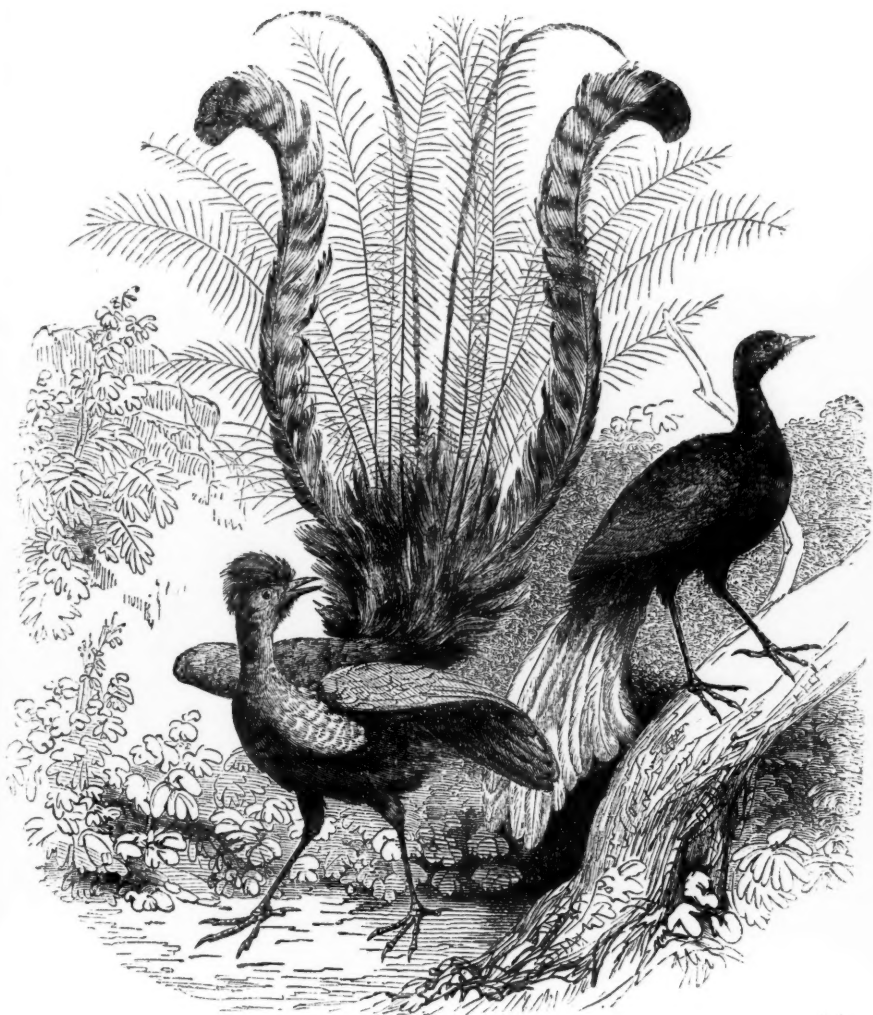
THE OPERA BOX



THE WILD TURKEY.



THE THREE FOX.



THE LYRE BIRD.

Fall Fashions, No. 1.



LESLEY S.

The principal point in this figure is the shawl, one of those elegant gold-bordered Cashmeres so much admired at the present time—the color, a rich crimson, and the border, blending a variety of shades, each giving life and beauty to the other. It is one of the most splendid shawls ever worn. The dress is a light brown silk, with rich brocade figures; the corsage low in the neck, and the skirt perfectly plain, but long and ample.

This splendid shawl and dress are from the Fashion Emporium of MESSRS. SLINGERLAND & M'FARLAND, 296 Broadway, who manufacture and import every kind and variety of ladies' cloaks, shawls, mantillas, embroideries, silks, &c., &c.

Fall Fashions, No. 2.



THE ALICE.

In our October number we gave a front view of this charming cloak, from the establishment of SLINGERLAND & M'FARLAND, 296 Broadway, New York. In the above figure the back view is presented. This elegant cloak is made of purple satin, trimmed with figured galloon and velvet flowers. It laces under the arm, showing the figure in front and back. It is one of the richest of the season.